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ISSUE 3. 2005.



sex



PRIDEWEEK

MONDAY 9TH

QUEER BRUNCH 10AM

START THE WEEK WITH A QUEER BRUNCH IN THE QUEER SPACE WITH LOTS OF FOOD, MUSIC AND ALCOHOL GOLD COIN DONATION.

FRIDAY 13TH

JELLYBABIES DANCE PARTY 9PM TILL LATE

IT'S TIME AGAIN FOR THE ANUAL JELLYBABIES DANCE PARTY. CHEEP DRINKS AND GOOD MUSIC WILL BE HAD!

TUESDAY 10TH

STALL DAY 11:30AM-2:30PM

COME AND SEE THE STALLS, GET YOUR CONDOMS, GET YOUR CAKES BUT MOST OF ALL COME TO SUPPORT YOUR FRIENDS! UNION COURT, ANU

SEX TALK 3PM

LISTEN TO PETA COX AS SHE TALKS ABOUT SEX AND HOW EVERYONE CAN PLAY A PART IN RISK REDUCTION. MANNING CLARK CENTER, THEATRE 5

WEDNESDAY 11TH

QUEER ACTION 12NOON

IT'S TIME FOR ALL QUEER AND QUEER FRIENDLY PEOPLE TO UNITE AGAINST THE OPPRESSION OF QUEERS IN AUSTRALIA AND AROUND THE WORLD. UNION COURT, ANU

SEXUALITY FORUM 7PM

THE HIGHLIGHT OF PRIDE WEEK IS THE MUCH ANTICIPATED SEX FORUM. THERE'LL BE SHORT FILMS AND THEATRICAL INSTALMENTS. ALL TO SHOW WHAT SEXUALITY REALLY IS! MANNING CLARK CENTER THEATER 3.

PROGRAM!

THURSDAY 12TH

PICNIC + GAMES 12:30PM

JOIN IN AN AFTERNOON OF FUN AND GAMES AS WEEK DO AWAY WITH ALL OPPRESSION AND EAT SOME SNACKS, A JOINT INITIATIVE WITH ISSANU AND ANUSA WOMENS' DEPARTMENT!

POLITICS IN THE PUB 5:30PM

COME ALONG AND LISTEN TO THE POLLIES DO IT OUT OVER THE ISSUE OF QUEERS AND CAREER MARGINALISATION! UNI BAR, ANU



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Woroni Volume 57

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We, the Woroni Editors, wish to acknowledge the Ngunnawal people as the original inhabitants of the land that our office is situated upon.

In its fifty-seventh year, Woroni is the official magazine of the Australian National University's Students' Association ('ANUSA'). The ideas communicated through articles and images printed in this magazine are not necessarily those of the editors or of office-holders at ANUSA. Woroni is published by the Directors of Student Publications for ANUSA.

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Fan and Hate Mail

Email us your hot shit:
woroni@anu.edu.au

Parking Blows Chunks

Hi Woronians,

I am writing to complain about an oft-complained about issue but one that I feel I have kept quiet about for far too long. The parking situation on this campus is beyond a joke. I have just spent over half an hour looking for a permit parking space anywhere on campus. It was just after noon when I gave up and had to suffer the indignity of just pay parking even though I have a permit.

Most of the time I accept that after 9:30am all the permit spaces are taken, so I come to uni early even when I don't have to. But today I couldn't have come any earlier unless I had skipped work, and I already leave work early most days just to give myself time to find a parking space! I had no other way to get here except by using my car, and I know in a uni of over 8000 people I can't be the only one in this situation. Hell, if students have to deal with this frustration every day, we can only assume that those people driving are those who really do have to drive, otherwise I'm sure they'd find an alternative.

It's just ludicrous that money can be spent on building a new speed bump outside Asian Studies that really doesn't need to be there and stuffs up traffic for weeks on end but ANU can't even be bothered to line mark parking bays so cars don't take up two spaces when they don't need to.

At UC they realise they don't have enough spaces for everyone, so guess what? Students don't have to pay for them! A life without the threat of parking inspectors taking your rent money if you have to park illegally just to get to your tute on time, could there be anything sweeter?

If you can't provide for the permit parkers you've already taken money from, ANU, then next year think again and abolish the permit system, so at least we're not paying for permits we can only use if we're either very early or very lucky.

I realise this sounds like gratuitous whining, but the bottom line is: if we can't park, we can't go to class. End of fucking story.

Alice Allan.

P.S. Woroni looks damn cool, keep up the good work guys!

Kate Roxors!

Dear Editor,

On behalf of the Australian Red Cross Blood Service, I would like to thank Kate Judd for her article 'Valuing Life and Preventing Death' in Issue 2, 2005, and for her bringing to the attention of students the need for blood and organ donations.

I am happy to advise students that the Australian Red Cross Blood Service will be visiting the Australian National University with its mobile donation unit, the Donormobile, from Monday 30 May - Friday 3 June. It will be parked at University House, Balmain Cct, with the following opening hours:
Monday 30 May: 10:30am - 1:30pm
Tuesday 31 May: 9:30am - 1:30pm
Wednesday 1 June: 9:30am - 1:30pm
Thursday 2 June: 9:30am - 1:30pm
Friday 3 June: Staff only by appointment.

The facts mentioned in the article about our low percentage of Donor rates (only 3% of people donate blood Australia-wide) and that 80% of people will use blood or blood products sometime in their life are all true. There

are also some additional facts which students may like to know about blood donation:

*Over 30% of blood donations are used for the treatment of cancers, especially leukaemia.

*Without blood donations, and the many products made from a single whole blood donation, over 100,000 Australians would die every year from preventable causes of death.

*A whole blood donation will make over twenty different products used in everything from the treatment of chicken pox and vaccinations for various illnesses, to cancer, stomach, liver and bowel treatments

If you are considering donating however, there are many precautions undertaken to ensure the safety of both the blood donor and the eventual recipient of the blood. One of these precautions is a comprehensive questionnaire and interview process which every donor completes prior to donating to ensure the current health of the donor. This prevents any potential 'bugs' or diseases being transmitted to the recipient.

The Donormobile travels around Canberra and chances are it will be near you sometime soon. As I mentioned, it will be visiting the ANU in May/June. If you are interested in donating then, please remember above all else to arrive well hydrated (1-2 litres of water and a good meal). The more food and drink you consume prior to donating, the more quickly you will recover afterwards. You should also be feeling well and healthy. With your help, every donation will save up to three lives. For more information please do not hesitate to contact the Australian Red Cross Blood Service Canberra on 02 6206 6006 or visit www.donateblood.com.au

Neil Pharaoh

Lament

So...I don't mind when woroni has crass stupid commets [sic]...you're a uni publication: I think it's funny. But when you trasfer [sic] your uni angst onto treasured honest artists...well it fucking shits me.

Robert is an esoterical [sic] master of music. Stop prostituting Robert for you own egotistical needs. You want to raise your social status by using Robert as a casual throw-in line? Obviously, you don't hear Robert's quite [sic] philosophies.

But Hey what do I care. Boys don't cry right?

Fuck you,
wasted warren

[Chloe: Both Lucy and I dig Robert; so I guess we're just social climbing hipsterati.]

"I got sexy in my pants..."

I like sex, I am not afraid to admit it. Being a male it is much easier for me to admit. If a girl says that she likes sex she would immediately be deemed a slut, or something of the sort. However, if a male claims to like sex, he is not ridiculed for his passion, rather he is congratulated. I do not like this. Sex is something we should all enjoy, and thrive to achieve. There is nothing better than a good night out in Civic with your mates and then picking up a chick in which you can later share in some sensual fucking. I know sensual and fucking don't go together that well in the same sentence, but alas, it shall remain. As this is Woroni, an article without senseless swearing would not even be considered for publication. Fuck, Shit, Cunt. (Just to be safe)

Joel Jenkins

[Lucy: Right, well, you're obviously a very perceptive person.]

A Piece of Literary Gold

'do you want to have sex?' asked Chris.

'with you?' replied Emma.

'yeah, with me' said Chris.

'will it be good?' asked Emma.

'it will be good for me' said Chris. 'you should like it as well if all goes as planned'.

'why would I like it?' asked Emma.

'maybe you will orgasm' said Chris.

Emma laughed...

'So will you do it?' asked Chris.

Emma was still laughing...

'So will you do it?' Chris asked again.

'no, not now' said Emma.

'why not now' asked Chris. 'I really want to'

'but I don't really want to' said Emma.

'please?' asked Chris.

'no' said Emma.

'please?' repeated Chris.

'Maybe tomorrow' said Emma.

'Really!' said Chris excitedly.

'No, just joking' replied Emma.

'The next day' asked Chris.

'maybe' said Emma.

'really!' said Chris.

'No' laughed Emma.

'What about a headjob' asked Chris.

'OK' said Emma.

'really!' said Chris.

'No just joking' said Emma still laughing.

'can you just touch me then' asked Chris.

'no' said Emma.

'please' asked Chris.

'no' repeated Emma.

'can I touch myself' asked Chris.

'now?' inquired Emma.

'yeah, now, in front of you' said Chris.

'ummm. OK' said Emma.

So Chris pulled out his shlong and began to touch himself in front of Emma. He quickly got a hard-on and began masturbating. The moral of the story... be persistent.

Joel Jenkins

[Chloe: This is best read out loud and over dinner, with your grandma.]

Man-Eating Dildo Replies

Re: 🗨️'s review of *Deep Six* on page 24 of issue one

When you write your book, you'll be amazed to find most reviewers only read the cover. So a reviewer who does this and admits it deserves a gong. Bravo!

Still, it's curious you picked one to lampoon that promotes your own beliefs. Writing *Deep Six* took years of thought, research and care, partly because it's sedition disguised as a mass-market thriller, just as *Exit Alpha* and *The Fourth Eye* were before it. *Deep Six* interweaves covert establishment information, social comment and radical ideas. From that aspect, it's an attempt that's definitely on the side of the planet. Of course, what the planet does with it is its own affair and shouldn't be the concern of the writer. His job is to do his best, then abandon his baby to the wolves. As for the reader - what do they say - don't judge a book by its cover?

So good one, guys. But catch up.

Clinton Smith.

🗨️: Well, uh... carry on then.]

Editorial

Sex is never strictly about sex. It's rarely just pink bits or fluids. It permeates so many aspects of our daily existence, for good or for ill. Foucault was onto something amidst his run-on sentences and over-use of the word 'discursive.' He understood that sex had this power to effect and influence our very understandings of the world that we inhabit. And maybe we're just like Rivers, but there's a part of us that is tired of sex. We're sick of it being used to sell products that we don't need, or the way it burrows its way into every conversation - who's fucking whom, who's dick is big (and consequently who's dick is small), who's the hottest Australian Idol ass-hole? Sex is hard to avoid.

That being said, there's still a great deal that's amazing about sex besides the often embarrassing act of bumping uglies - like the way peahens find vulnerability in their male partners arousing, or the way curiosity innocently manifests itself in children as they hide in library shelves, peering at *Where Did I Come From?* and stifling giggles with chocolate smeared hands. And while we tend to think that sex has a private, secretive side, it rarely does. That fact is particularly evident by the numerous confessional pieces pervading this issue (there's another Foucault reference here for anyone willing to take it). It seems everyone has a need to express sexual feelings, sexual acts, sexual fears, and put it into prose.

So enjoy the issue, we hope it'll get you randy or at least make you bitter that you're not getting any. Feel free to email us your thoughts woroni@anu.edu.au

Love and STIs from Chloe and Lucy.



Don't forget: it's year of the cock

To the right is a photo of a 30cm by 30cm plastic golden cock that crows when you touch it. Lucy brought it home from the Philippines in February as a present for her brother. She was stopped eight times at various South-East Asian airports for carrying "suspicious luggage."

Issue Four: Call for Contributions Theme: Identity

Articles and images must be received by 9th May (Monday week nine). Drop by, bust a move, talk about your ideas or just get tech-savvy and email us at woroni@anu.edu.au

News



UWS HECS Goes Up: ANU Running Out of Friends By Tim Caddey

The University of Western Sydney has become the latest university to raise its HECS levels, in order to alleviate its \$9 million debt.

The increase is set to 25% of the pre-deregulated rate (like those of ANU). In practical terms, this means an extra \$962 for band one courses and \$1604 for band three courses. UWS had previously opposed increasing HECS levels on ideological grounds, because of the financial strain on average students and their families. However, the reforms introduced in late 2003 by the Federal Government has led UWS into substantial debt. The position of UWS may legitimate claims of reform opponents that universities have been blackmailed into raising HECS fees. The ANU remains one of six universities (including ACU, Macquarie, Southern Cross, Tasmania and Curtin) not to raise HECS since the fees were increased. This decision has been based on ideological grounds from Vice Chancellor, Ian Chubb. ANU does not (yet) face a financial situation similar to UWS, due to the large amount of Federal research grants that the ANU receives. However, HECS fees at ANU are reviewed annually. The fate of UWS may add pressure to the Council, which may raise student concerns for the possible departure of Chubb.

Copypat Crimes By Simone Gubler

Reports recently obtained by the Australian news media under the Freedom of Information Act have revealed that over 300 Sydney University students are under investigation for academic plagiarism. Among the accused are 73 of the 628 students in the university's elite veterinary faculty. The faculties of Health Science, Economics and Agriculture were also hard hit, prompting concerns that the problem is becoming systemic.

The Sydney epidemic is not unique; in 2004, both the University of Western Sydney and the University of Newcastle experienced similar levels of public scrutiny when it be-

came apparent that many students were routinely committing plagiarism. It was discovered at all three of the above institutions that most of the copied material had had its origins online; such episodes are attributable to a cut-and-paste culture made possible by the internet. 25 Australian universities have now purchased licenses to use the spy software 'Turnitin' as a means of detecting internet plagiarism.

But just how successful is 'Turnitin' at detecting plagiarism? Well, the product's website certainly wasn't making any promises about its effectiveness as a detective, and instead concentrated upon touting its "power" as a deterrent. And last year, Shelly Savage (of Sydney University, ironically enough) produced a paper for the Australian University Quality Forum which discussed the effectiveness of spy software, specifically, 'Turnitin'. She found that 'Turnitin' serves as an effective deterrent to plagiarism, particularly if advertised widely; but that it is relatively ineffective at uncovering cases of plagiarism to the extent that "its deterrence potential is its leading quality."

The ANU Dean of Students, Penny Oakes, was unable to provide concrete information about the use of such spy software at the ANU, although she did confirm that it is in use "here and there," though "not very widely." Furthermore, she was not sure whether reports of plagiarism were as common at the ANU as at Sydney University: "we don't have aggregate data of the kind Sydney has reported." However, the Dean emphasised that the university takes plagiarism "very seriously" and refers interested students to the ANU's Academic Honesty Code of Practice (available online at: http://info.anu.edu.au/policies/Codes_Of_Practice/Students/Other/).

The President of the National Union of Students, Felix Elridge, doesn't think that student plagiarism is a serious problem in Australian universities: "The vast majority of plagiarism is [performed by] young students new to university misunderstanding academic procedures and not knowing how to footnote." And Penny Oakes responds somewhat sympathetically to Elridge's suggestion: "We're certainly very aware that youth, varying pre-University educational backgrounds, and misunderstandings can lie behind what are essentially unintentional acts of plagiarism...[in the code of practice] we refer to both 'extent' and 'intent' as important dimensions in dealing with plagiarism."

Cost of Education By Alicia Page

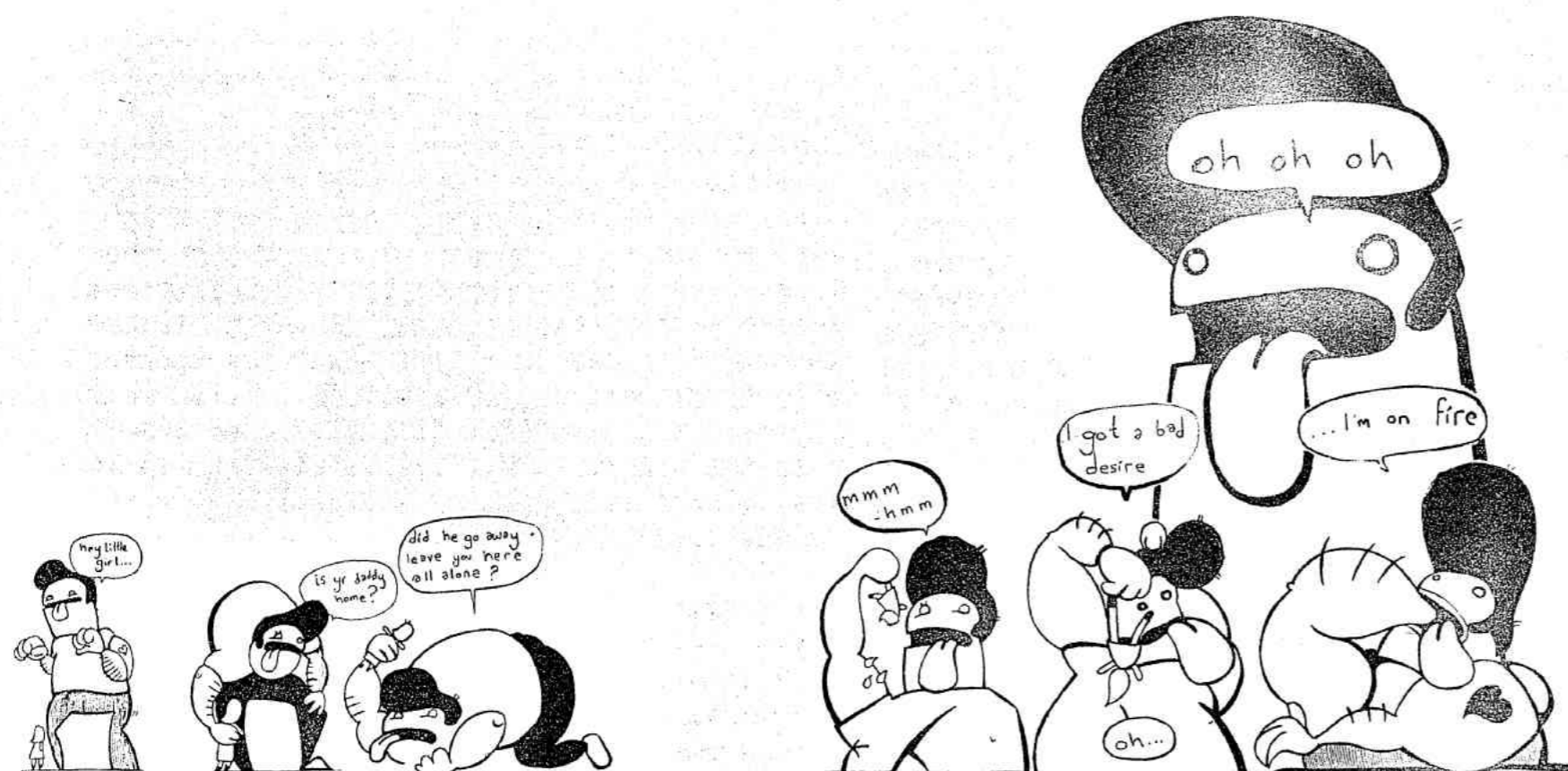
Australia has been ranked in the bottom four of a 15-country survey assessing the student 'affordability' of comparative national tertiary education systems. The survey, by US and Canadian based organisation the Educational Policy Institute, measures and ranks affordability of study for students by, "education costs, living costs, out-of-pocket expenses and the availability and size of government grants, tax breaks and loans." The survey showed that, for Australian students, tuition fees and study materials can add up to around \$5170AUD a year. The cost of living is calculated at another \$9077AUD a year. Even with government grants and tax breaks, education and living costs leave the average Australian students out of pocket approximately \$8606AUD per annum. This is compared to Canadians students, ranked just above Australia, who can expect their education and living costs to be \$6810AUD. The Swedish education system, ranking number one for affordability, expects its students to pay approximately \$762AUD a year.

Such findings about the lack of affordability in student living, and stresses associated with such a lifestyle, should as come as no surprise to ANU students. Last year, the

ANUSA conducted a survey amongst undergraduate students and found that 71% of students surveyed undertake paid work during study to accommodate for living and education expenses with only 31% receiving Centrelink benefits. Over half of the same students were paying \$100 dollars a week or more for rent and 68% suffer from stress related to their financial situation. Furthermore, 20% of surveyed students had dropped or failed units because of their work commitments.

The burdensome cost of education is reflected at both a local and global level. Yet, the current system expects that a full time student can invest 40 hours into their degree a week, as well as support themselves through work commitments. The reality is that many lecturers still see work as a choice – such commitments, at the ANU at least, are really considered as a valid reason for special consideration in assessment. Institutional demands on students indicate that universities themselves have not fully acknowledged the impact that the recent Government policy has had on the lives of their students.

Analysts predict that the situation for tertiary students across Australia will worsen by the end of 2005, with rises in HECS, the diffusion of full fees and, no doubt, the introduction of VSU.



VSU: Weathering the Storm

By Simone Gubler

John Laws

I'm on your side with this thing, but we seem to be getting a bit of flak here and there...When are the changes coming in?

Brendan Nelson

Well John, I've introduced this Bill, this is our third go at it of course, but this time, because the Senate will change, a more sensible arrangement later in the year, it's more likely to be passed. It's my ambition to see that this starts in 2006. So if you are a student or you are a parent of a student who's intending to start in 2006 or already at university, if we have our way, if you turn up at university you will be free to join any organisation you want to.

"The Imperial Senate Will No Longer Be of Any Concern To Us"

The Howard Government is about to enter the golden years of its regime. From July, it will have an outright Senate majority, which nothing short of an attack of conscience will stop it from moving some major (and previously thwarted) legislation. One of the most controversial of these pieces of legislation was introduced to Parliament only weeks ago - its purpose: to ban the compulsory collection of student union fees by universities. If passed, this bill will be one of the first to come before the new single-minded Senate for review. And given the Coalition's dogged pursuit of compulsory student unionism thus far, it seems highly likely that the bill will be passed without a hitch. Brendan Nelson, Federal Minister for Education, has argued passionately in recent months that voluntary student unionism guarantees students' rights to 'freedom of association,' and at times, when discussing the bill, he has sounded almost choked with emotion: "Why is it that a single mother training to be a nurse should pay for the canoeing or mountaineering club when all she wants is a degree?"

We Will Fight Them on the Beaches...

But those within universities aren't so keen to protect single mothers from subsidizing mountaineering. Students and university administrations alike have decried the idea of VSU, predicting that it will result in the loss of important services and facilities currently provided for by the General Services Fee. Universities across Australia have begun to assess what effect VSU will have upon the provision of student services and upon the student lifestyle, and to plan for its implementation. The University of Technology, Sydney, is "frantically number-crunching" to determine which services it can afford to support once student union fees are no longer compulsory, according to its registrar, Jeff Fitzgerald. And the spokeswoman for the University of NSW recently announced that the university is appointing an external advisor to conduct an examination of the "ways the university might compensate for VSU." According to our own Vice-Chancellor, Ian Chubb, the ANU is now conducting its own internal enquiries, and looking at ways to "keep as many services that support student activities as we can" as "a matter of priority." This task is made more difficult by uncertainty about what form the legislated changes will take. The Vice-Chancellor has raised the

possibility that an "amenities and services fee" might be chargeable instead of GSF, but said that that likelihood is still difficult to predict. Chubb has also said that he cannot promise ANU students "that all student services currently provided for by the proceeds of the GSF will be continued if there is a prohibition placed on the charging of a fee." With the ANU budget the way it is, and is likely to be, he continued, "there would have to be a transfer from other activities which could be described as services - and priorities become the issue." The ANU Student's Association (ANUSA) continues to oppose VSU, and is undertaking extensive information campaigns to inform students of the repercussions of its introduction. The President of ANUSA, Aparna Rao, was at pains to point out that the anti-VSU poster campaign currently being conducted by the SA was inexpensive and not a wasteful political demonstration of the sort that the Brendan Nelson claims that student union fees are squandered upon.

The End of Days or Y2K?

The ANUSA recently built a fake crime scene and graveyard in Union Court to protest VSU. The names of student officers and support services were inscribed upon chalk body outlines and cardboard headstones. Was this an overreaction? Are student unions suitably alarmed or are they being alarmist?

The present draft bill places a prohibition upon charging students fees that are unrelated to their studies. That means that most extra-curricular activities currently supported by student union fees are under threat. And according to Chubb, this means that "the experience of university for a good many students will be diminished - no question." However, the Vice Chancellor also concedes that the effects of VSU upon some groups of students, such as those taking part-time studies, may not be so significant. And when asked whether ANU students will be at any special risk of suffering loss of services in comparison to other tertiary institutions under VSU, Chubb answered that he doubted that we were at any special risk, as our general services fee is at the lower end of the spectrum of charges made by other Australian universities. He was unsure whether this meant that the ANU provides few services in comparison with other tertiary institutions, or whether the university itself is already subsidising some of the services in place - that question would be one of the objects of the ANU VSU viability enquiry.

According to statistics provided by the Federal Ministry of Education, in 2004, student unions across Australia received more than \$160 in compulsory fees from full-time undergraduate students. The ANU received \$1.6 million of that, Sydney University, at the top of the spectrum received \$14.19 million. The level of threat to that \$1.6 million is dependent on individual ANU students (that's you guys!) - who will be able to elect whether or not they continue to contribute towards that sum. But given the novelty of the voluntary system, unions and universities have no means of calculating exactly how much they can rely upon students paying, and must assume the worst.

Many thanks to Vice-Chancellor Chubb for providing Woroni with an interview for this article.

Careless Whispers

Tabloid

Fresh Meat Tray Up for Grabs

Nikki Webster, the celebrity gender-fuck and Dancing with the Whores superstar, is turning 18 - and what a fucking milestone that is for every one of us. Careless Whispers is celebrating this tragic and senseless event by planning a gorgeous little cruise to the Arctic. There we can club some cuddly doe-eyed seal pups and better prepare ourselves for the up and coming media slaught-o-rama-rama the second that little rag doll goes off layby and becomes 'legal' tender for poisoned pens to deface at their bitter leisure.

For those who don't know Miss Webster, she is the little puddle of red sick that was ladled up and thrust into the public spotlight at the age of 13 when we (meaning us, not you) hosted the 2000 Olympics. She had that enormous hit 'Strawberry Kisses' remember? We ourselves haven't heard it, But we would assume from the title, her age, and her general high-performance calibre, that it is largely an autobiographical spoken-word piece about her recent maturation into the beautifully uncommodified world of menstruation. We did see a gash of the film clip though (on mute); it was gloriously colourful and animated, and her stunningly bedazzled hot pants proved to the world once and for all that she really was a gay 12 year old ginger boy trapped in the body of a gay 12 year old ginger boy.

To celebrate her 18th, Nikki has done what most girls her age do and posed for reputable 'men's magazine' FHM. They spoke about it on their website thusly: "Rather than celebrate with a boring cake or a riotous game of pass-the-parcel, FHM celebrates her [Nikki's] coming of age with a hot photo shoot." Ahem, well FHM, while you're busy throwing up such wonderfully appropriate children's party ideas why not go the whole hog and organize a full-on gang bang in a dark alley with hairy men in Ted Bundy masks and troughs full of beer, lube, and dog-chewed Barbie dolls? Halfway is never enough honey - why give us the pink but not the money shot? It's what your readers really want isn't it?

FHM, have some balls and say what you really mean! We suspect it would be something like this:

'Fellas, she is 18 now, so she's eager to chuck a full-on spread and let you blokes know that she's a sizzling slab of meat waiting to get pounded by yours truly. And phwoar! She looks just like your little redheaded nephew. Scrums on fellas!'



Dancing With the Scars:

A Careless Whispers think-piece diptych

Applauding a bit of 'blood and gauze' celebrity honesty, Careless Whispers was recently inspired by the dashing new A-List trend of flaunting one's undressed surgical wounds (wounds of the 'plastic' persuasion of course). Michael Douglas, Michael Douglas, oh Michael fucking Douglas. Please tell us ladies and gentlemen that you have seen those heavenly pictures. Fuck the furore over the tiara and the tunnel baby, This is why we need paparazzi; fuck oxygen, it doesn't carry a camera.

Mr. Douglas has led the 'have-all show-all' charge by brazenly cavorting about with his weeping fact lift incisions, sans bandage, for all to see. It's like the celebrity stigmata. "Is that pasta sauce on your top Mr. Douglas?" "No, just part of my ear." Heaven.

What's so delightful is just how much it looks like a home job! We've been wetting ourselves imaging Catherine Zeta-Jones et al gathering around the fire-side of some fabulous nouveau riche Bel Air Mansion, scalpels at the ready, informative surgical DVD playing, and some Liza Minelli in the background for ambience. A Hollywood family affair to remember; only the Spelling clan could rival such heartwarming domestic activity.

So how appropriate that it has been snapped by the media wolves, immortalized, and then sprayed out, Extreme Makeover style, to a number of close family and friends - and Careless Bitches. We've blown up our copy, laminated the shit out of it, and have it hanging above the Royal Dolton in the John Paul Memorial sunroom and embalming station out in our guest house.

Careless Whispers hopes that other celebs will soon be taking the bullets out of the gun of speculation by unabashedly wearing their bandages, bruises, implants and scars in the public arena. While the fixation with fingering potential plastic surgery jobs have something of a "has he / hasn't she" allure, the clotted blood on the collar brings back some much needed 'authenticity' to the shiny world of Cupid's perfectly botoxed Bows. Hallelujah.

Pants On

By Rachael Kendrick

"At the moment, the Western world is saturated with fucking. You'd think people would tire of sex, but we just don't. So, what's the big deal? Why can't we just put our pants on and get over sex?"

There's a book hiding in a distant compactus in the Hancock Library. It is called 'Swifts in a Tower.' I found it when wandering aimlessly about the stacks, flicking through whatever seemed interesting. It is written by a man who is deeply, powerfully passionate about swifts, a relative of the swallow. Swifts are his life. He writes in great detail about the unparalleled joy of sitting in a draughty tower, pen in hand, peering into a swift's nest and observing their most intimate behaviours. He is a gentleman scholar. They don't make gentlemen scholars any more. Not that I'm necessarily nostalgic about gentlemen themselves, just people who cultivate obsessive interests. Interests outside the bedroom, that is. So, what does some British guy and a bunch of birds in a tower have to do with sex? The answer: absolutely nothing. Ain't it grand?

At the moment, the Western world is saturated with fucking. Who's doing it with what, who isn't doing it, who's going to hell for it, how to manoeuvre yourself into place to get it, how to be neither a dirty sticky-groined slut nor a frigid bitch with iron knickers. Tittyfuck, blowjob, fisting party, censorship, horny virgin, asscapades- enough already. You'd think people would tire of sex, but we just don't. If there was one unifying feature of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, it's fucking. So, what's the big deal? Why can't we just put our pants on and get over sex?

Some would argue that our culture's priapism has a lot to do with centuries of repression. Finally we're able to cast off years of corsets, boarding school spankings and guilt, to be free and frolic in the gardens of earthly delight. The fact is, sex is what we make it. On its own it is neither a basic part of our humanity, nor a dreadful vice out to consume us all. The more we talk about sex, either positively or negatively, the more attention we draw to it and the more important it is.

At the moment, we are swamped with contradictory, urgent messages about sex from all sides. To me it seems to be part of our increasing fetishization of the individual. You've got to be pretty, you've got to be rich, you've got to be young, you've got to be sexy, and you need to spend as much time and money on yourself as possible. Your sexual

attractiveness becomes a measure of your self-worth and value. On the flip side, if you choose to be one of those I'll-staple-my-legs-shut-and-bludgeon-vicious-trollops-with-my-hymen abstinence only types, your ability to abstain is your halo. You can be ever so sexy and cute and whatnot, but so very untouchable, and isn't untouchability just the sexiest? Either way, it's all part of a discourse that makes sex absolutely, completely vital. And, frankly, I'm a bit fed up.

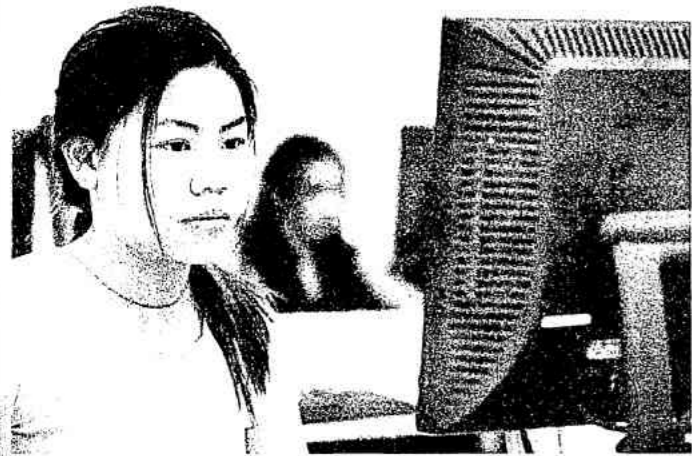
I guess I'm a little sensitive about all this sexual supersaturation because I'm a homo, and a lady homo at that. It's often a little tricky to talk about homo sex, because homos have come in leaps and bounds in recent years. Thankfully, the world is a far less dangerous place for many gentlemen who like gentlemen and ladies who like ladies. Still, the price of tolerance seems to be a spurious kind of tokenism. It's okay for a lady to be into another lady, so long as they're both FHM-worthy and making out in front of a bunch of guys. In these times of Britney and Madonna, tantalising suggestions of girl-on-girl action in the OC, and blatantly insulting articles about going down on your best friend in Cosmo, lady homo sex seems fluffy, playful and not quite real. So, according many right-on dyke activists, ladies who dig ladies should be doing it twenty four hours a day, seven days a week. We should be doing it loud, proud, and well accessorised. We should photograph it, film it, write about it and talk about it. We should stick one to the heteronormative patriarchy as we stick one to our beloved with twelve inches of silicone.

Which is all well and good, because at least it's a counter narrative. But it doesn't detract from that overall discourse about sex. At the moment, saying that you'd rather stay in to watch Miss Marple with a cup of tea and your favourite cat sounds more unnatural than donning a naugahyde wetsuit and asking a Aeroflot air hostess to pelt you with sachets of expired mayonnaise. And, frankly, I'm over it. I am putting my pants back on. I will go outside and look around, cultivate an interest or two. Until the entire SBS news team from the past five years shows up at my door with a bottle of baby oil. Then it's game on, motherfucker.



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Emergency Contraception:

What You Need to Fucking Know

By Matt Schmidt from Sexual Health and Family Planning

What is EC?

Emergency Contraception (EC), also known as the 'morning after pill', usually consists of a short course of special dose oral contraceptive pills.

EC contains hormones similar to those in regular contraceptive pills. It can be used after unprotected sex to reduce the chance of pregnancy.

It is important to note that EC does not cause an abortion. EC will not work if you are already pregnant from earlier unprotected intercourse.

When is EC used?

EC may be used to prevent pregnancy after unprotected intercourse occurred, that is:

- without contraception
- when contraception may have failed
- when forced sexual intercourse or sexual assault has occurred.

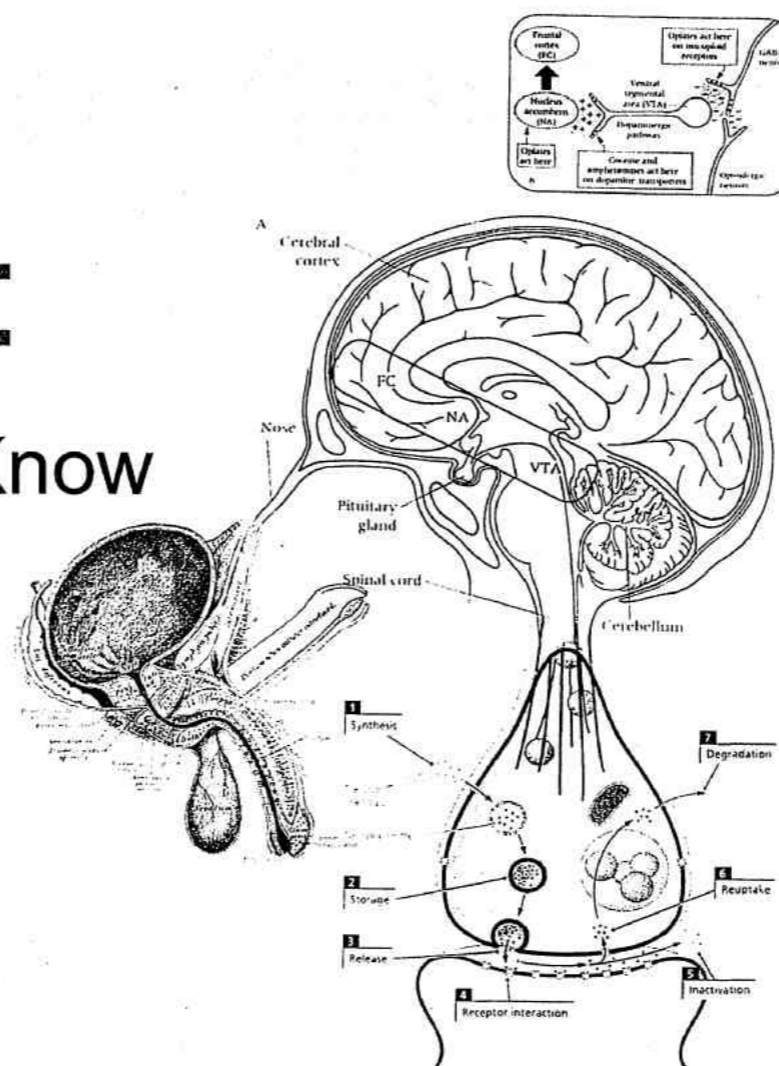
Some common situations in which EC is used include: when a condom was used but leaked, burst or slipped off; or when oral contraceptive pills have been missed, or not absorbed; or when you did not use contraception.

How long after unprotected intercourse can EC be taken?

EC is most effective when taken as soon as possible after unprotected intercourse (UI), ideally within twenty-four hours and up to three days after. EC can sometimes prevent pregnancy up to five days after unprotected intercourse.

The chance of pregnancy from one act of unprotected sexual intercourse ranges from four percent to twenty percent.

Emergency contraception will prevent approximately ninety-five percent of potential pregnancies if taken within the first twenty-four hours of unprotected sex.



Who Can Take It?

Any woman can take EC, even those women who can't take the pill or who suffer from migraines. However, it may not work well if used more than once in the same menstrual cycle.

Do I need a prescription and how much does EC cost?

No. EC is available "over the counter" at the SHFPACT Clinic for twenty dollars, and from most chemists from between thirty and fifty dollars.

How does hormonal EC work?

If EC is taken before ovulation (the monthly release of an egg) it can delay ovulation. If taken after ovulation, EC can prevent a fertilised egg from implanting in the uterus or womb by causing changes to the uterine lining.

Is EC safe to take?

Due to the low dose of hormones and the short time of use, there are no known medical contraindications to the use of EC (as supported by the World Health Organisation).

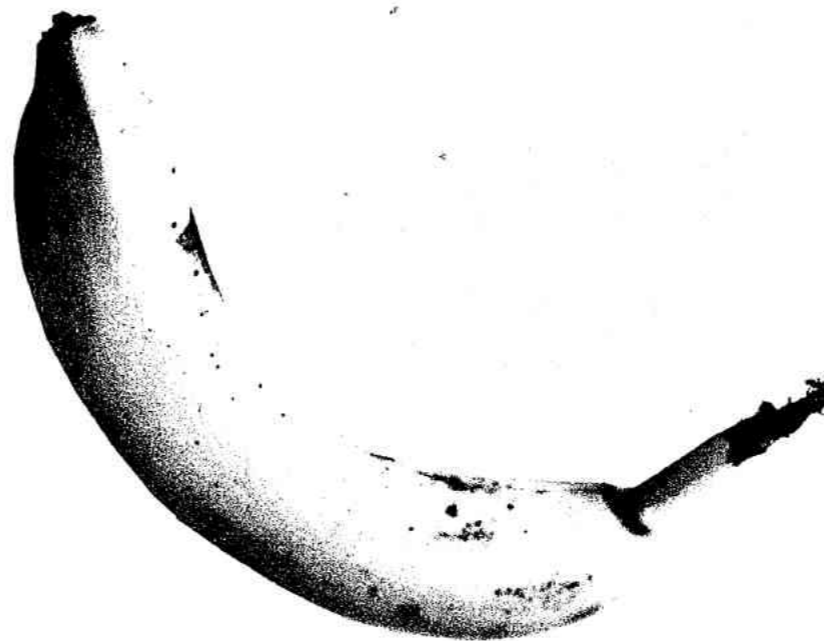
Many in the pharmaceutical field believe that there is no harm to a pregnant woman or foetus if EC is used inadvertently during an early pregnancy.

Other considerations:

- Take a pregnancy test three weeks after taking EC, whether or not you have had a period.
- Consider tests for sexually transmissible infections
- Consider ongoing methods of contraception.

Single?

By an Anonymous Girlie



Of more concern to many ANU uni students than the potential outbreak of the bird flu and the impending royal wedding, is the fact that they are single and *not* loving it. There are so many eligible girls wanting to be in a relationship and heaps of nice guys wanting a girl or boyfriend. So what has gone wrong? Why aren't more ANU students in relationships? Should Woroni devote a page to personal ads, or is it up to the SA to establish a dating service to ensure the continuation of the human race? Below are a few reasons for this disturbing trend and some possible ways to combat it.

Reduction in Tutorials and Growing Lecture Sizes.

The cutbacks to higher education, instigated by the Howard Government, have led to many courses being abolished and tutorials reducing in size. So now a once fertile ground for meeting potential girl or boyfriends has been eliminated. Spending an hour per week checking each other out, sucking seductively on pens was once a fundamental part of the university mating ritual. While the growing lecture sizes have also meant that there are so many possible partners to choose from that the typical university student has been quite overwhelmed and ended up sitting with friends rather than meeting new people.

The Accessibility of Internet Porn

It seems that nearly all guys look at porn. The insane amount and variety of porn available on the internet means that guys can now satisfy their sexual urges to a certain extent. While they are still interested in actually having a relationship with a *real* girl, the porn can take the 'edge' off their horniness. Unfortunately, this 'edge' is crucial - it provides guys with enough desperation to actually approach girls and ask them out. Because they don't have enough confidence to put themselves on the line, they continue to look at porn to meet their needs. It can be a brutal, and ultimately unrewarding, cycle.

Traditional Gender Stereotypes and the Feminist Movement

For many heterosexuals, the combination of traditional gender stereotypes and the ideals of the feminist movement have been fatal to their chance at entering a relationship. The feminist movement undermined the traditional gender roles when instigating a relationship. Men no longer feel that it is their responsibility to ask women out. Unfortunately, most women still do not feel that it is socially acceptable

to make the first move. Many US TV shows still depict women who make the first move as sluts or overly forward or aggressive. Accordingly, both sexes are now waiting for the other one to ask them out instead of taking action! For gays and lesbians, the lack of traditional stereotypes means that this problem is less of an issue.

Over Exhaustion

The increasing costs of textbooks, uni fees and the reduction in social welfare has seen many university students juggling part time jobs, university study and co-curricular activities to expand their horizons. Is it no wonder that many of us are too exhausted to even think about, let alone have, a relationship?

The Future

The introduction of VSU will have an even greater impact on your ability to meet a future mate during an O-Week bar crawl, a Mountaineering Club bushwalk or a French breakfast. Without these crucial social events, the future of our intimate emotional lives looks grim.

It's Time to take Action!

With all of these factors standing in our way of having an emotionally rewarding and sexually gratifying relationship, I wouldn't blame anyone for having become somewhat disheartened. But before you switch on your computer in search of some temporary relief, here a few ways to fight against the trend:

- Go to a few anti-VSU protests. Even if you don't stop Howard from diminishing your long term ability to find a partner, you might at least meet someone nice while holding a banner or yelling a chant.
- Stop looking at so much porn. It will never be as rewarding as having an emotionally fulfilling relationship with a *real* person.
- Try to make time to actually think about, and have, a relationship. Maybe you don't need to work so hard (or watch so much TV).
- Whether you are male or female, straight or gay, go up to that person you always check out in the library or in one of your remaining tutorials and ask them if they would like to have a coffee, see a movie, or go to a protest with you.

The Art of War: Tactics for the Canberra Dating Scene



By Katherine Urbanski

“Exchange students make good targets, as they’re disoriented and vulnerable. Make sure to get in within the first few months of the exchange, though, or you’ll encounter the ‘relationship’ factor.”

I’m sure those of you who have moved to Canberra only recently have already discovered what the rest of us know: the dating scene in Canberra is woeful. Try to pick up in Civic, and ninety-nine percent of the time you’re going home with nothing but disappointment (or no one at all). Finding someone you find attractive is the first, and biggest hurdle, though it somehow gets smaller the more you drink. Beyond that is the ‘relationship’ hurdle (ie, they’re in one), the ‘sexuality’ hurdle (they’re gay, or not gay enough), and, what I call, the ‘tool’ hurdle (where within five seconds they eliminate themselves by being a complete tool). There are, however, occasional finds out in Civic – and survival is all about knowing how to respond.

Pre-emptive strike

First of all, you need to acquire your target. Having selected your bar or club of choice, sit with your back to the wall, in order to best monitor traffic. If a potential target is sighted, further reconnaissance may be necessary (especially if you’re short sighted, like me). Excellent covers are the tried and true trips to the bar/bathroom.

Exchange students make good targets, as they’re disoriented and vulnerable. Make sure to get in within the first few months of the exchange, though, or you’ll encounter the ‘relationship’ factor.

Once you’ve affirmed the target, it’s time to act. I cannot stress this point enough: if you do not act right away, you may miss this opportunity. The next one may be a long time coming. ‘Waiting for them to come to you’ is the best tactic *only* for those who always get hit on (how do they do it? I hate those people. “Oh, it’s soooo annoying”. Yeah, I’ll bet). For the rest of us, it’s necessary to strike quickly and with necessary force.

Game on!

So, target acquired, what do you do? Whatever it takes, baby! An excellent start is just saying hello, but sometimes more extreme measures may be necessary. General womens’ magazine advice all goes here – smiling, eye contact, body language, and all that rubbish. Crashing parties or tables can be fun; as can tripping over a target, only to help them up – it’s all about first contact.

Flattery is a good general tactic, most people have a weakness for it. Insults are good too, if you can pull them off without actually being insulting. Pretending the target spilled your drink is a sneaky trick, which is what makes it fun also!

In lectures, try the sidle tactic, slide in next to someone and pretend you don’t know what’s going on – this is especially good if you really don’t know what’s going on because it’s not your class. Plus if you crash and burn, that way they’re easier to avoid.

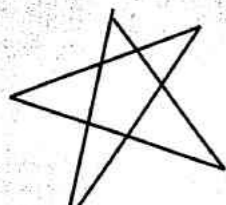
A wing-person can be an enormous aid. Either have them make the friendly approach, where they build you up, or have them be sleazy so you can step in as a superior alternative.

Work out what tactics work for you, and keep up with new ones. A positive attitude is key, as is determination and focus. Appropriate planning is important, as is the ability to adjust strategy to new factors. Remember: you have what it takes. You can succeed. If all else fails, there’s always chocolate or Fyshwick.

Disclaimer: this should go without saying, but it sadly doesn’t – play nice, as consent = fun!

Sex/City

By Dominik Krupinski



Part 1.

October 24, 2004.

Yesterday I rolled around naked on M--'s bed. Her curtains were drawn and everything was in twilight misery depress-o-vision. It was, however, green and yellow outside; and blue- in the colours and contrasts of an afternoon that's going by - too much to do. I had been carrying a crush on her (see Mishima: "Confessions of a Mask") for two years and she wanted to use me for sex because she was miserable. I was dressed poorly - oh, and I should say it now; I was impotent - and she said she didn't want me to like her but to fuck her and get it over. And no kissing, by the way - that was pretty clear. Oh, she said she was emotionally dead and that I was a miserable old sod. I ummed and ahed and ran my hand through my hair and unbuttoned

my shirt. Maybe if we could make out for a bit first it would be okay, but once we got started that obviously wasn't going to be the case. I remember how hairy and grotesque my legs were when I got up afterwards. Anyway, I still had my pants on when she went and got the condom and lube from the bathroom (walk in ensuite; next to her other door - like a bidet) and, y'know, I kind of knew, but I was sick, and there was curiosity at work on some level. Her breasts were bigger than I expected, and she'd taken out her belly piercing. I could feel a little gym muscle under her belly baby fat. So short and mewling when I ran a hand over her boxer-clad snatch (near hairless, wet then dry). She tossed the condom my way and I lay still, feeling unattractive but determined - move damn you, cock. Rest of me felt nothing either. The no kissing, well, it's been almost a year since I've been kissed and that really hurts. I made a new outfit today - black jeans, black socks, grey rocket top. Her eyes were quite blinking just lying there and I tried to make her laugh some. "If I really was in love with you this'd be a pretty cruel thing you've done," I said in a stupid, half-gravely voice. She also said that I must not like her *that* much, flipping my limp penis; that I torture myself, am lucky to have never been in love and was I sure I was a boy? There were some chuckles, though. It was like a slow meal, actually, lying there. Very

casual. The one important thing was this: "all these years, I just wanted to get out of here." It was still twilight dark in her room and, well, y'know how it is and leaving without having done or said anything. Lots of small talk, though. Oddly she took note of the holes in my shirt. I felt ugly and naked. I hadn't trimmed my pubic hair and my nipples were puffy. Gross. There was a wet patch on her boxers where she must've been wet and she'd been running her hands through my hair. The funniest thing was when she was walking in the hallway later + the phone was ringing and she was just in her slip + I was leaving + its not that everyone was bewildered so much as she looked small, sad and fucked up. I was awkward of course. Anyway, back in the bedroom, I couldn't find my socks, and I saw her anime characters plastered on her bedside. A photo of her family too. Earlier still, when she said "You fucked Y--," I said, "So?" She said, "You weren't madly in love with *her*," and I replied, "no, but I did enjoy *her* company" - that may have been hurtful. She had one hand under my ribcage then + I felt gangly as my knees touched hers. I did leave of my own volition, without prompting, for what it's worth. She says I could never be in love with her - that she'd be too cruel for me, and I said all this time I just wanted to be held and kissed. I was looking for my socks when I said that and it was, in hindsight, a stupid thing to say. The way we got started was weird. I ran my hand along her arm + straight to her nipple [the right] like I knew that kissing wouldn't work. Later that night I was a self-torturing misery guts. I remember what she'd said earlier, about six months ago, that no-one remembers childhood memories or anything - that they're just pieces here and there. I wanted to know hers. What it was like to be in high school and racially abused, or that thing that Asian girls have with their parents. I wanted to be cars pulling up in her driveway. I wanted to be porch lights coming on. When I left her home, that sense of time passing; and the impossibility of revisiting was strong. I shouldn't repeat that I felt nothing, and it wasn't that. I felt like its ok: a soul is supposed to be forever, but I felt no connection to the who I was when I thought I loved her thirty minutes ago; just sorry for this mean girl - moon faced and Chinese, and wanting to help. Do you want a cup

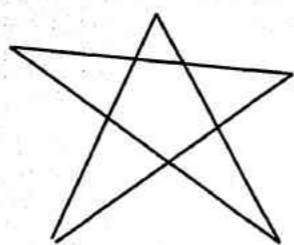


of tea or something? -and ashamed of what I'd never done. She'd worked hard, I guess, to get on the honour roll and done things she didn't want to do. I did English and read books. I did coke off the bar. She'd sacrificed and it's supposed to be hard work, everything, isn't it? [Another sexual detail to break this up: she answered the door in a black kimono + wet hair - pointed to my shoes for me to take them off. Like a fucken brothel]. Later, when I read Wilde scratching out "pleasure for the beautiful body, but pain for the beautiful soul," I cringed for me and for him; what a load of shit. On the way to and from her place, I couldn't remember any but two lines of the only Jeff Buckley song I knew and kept singing those to myself, which, like talk of loneliness, holding and kissing, was stupid, stupid, stupid. I can't remember when we stopped trying (to fuck, that is); it all seemed like a clasping between two very grey, stiff noodles (limp noodles?), and it was grey in an unhurtful way - it didn't hurt at all. The only pain was lying and watching the blinking of her eyes. Kind of like, this is a good moment, man, right here. Thinking; it doesn't feel of anything at all and we're just soul-less but fine.

Part 2.

18 December, 2004.

A note on the city: you should know when L--- came to the city, it wasn't just her avenue + her apt building; the city centre, its monuments and a small group of skaters. In the first days, she came to remember, she would ride the ugly brown train-lines-like-scars from the suburbs (grey + ugly too) unto the city itself. Over the track-side scrubs and brown bricks, she'd see the taller buildings rise one by one (like meas-



uring sticks) in the sideways distance. She's curled up a little in her seat (a quickly beating flower [though not that you'd tell! Not that you'd tell!]) and think: it's okay. Given days and maybe even [although the concept, the idea of:] weeks [time itself, really, scared her], these will become familiar, like weight problem friends that she could count on and rely (like the [now she realised, not really] boredom of the small town). But sometimes she'd see too many buildings, or a famous building, or something new, and she'd tremble and become frightened again. Famous buildings? Like places that everyone knew, and so (or maybe for other reasons) they were distant and cold.

She'd wish she was the prettiest girl on the train. [In the city C--- wound up in, by the way, things were much the same].

Part 3.

-----, 2004.

We open with a closeup running along skin, of a hand - a boy's. Mine - running slowly along a girl's arm, between her elbow and fingertips. You hear us talking, and its slow, and my voice

sometimes cracks. "Have I been weird this weekend? Yes? There's a reason for that: -----." My hand runs further and the camera with it. Along shoulders, stepping down ribs, drawing lines along a stomach.

"I have a stomach ache, now."

"I know. Where is it?"

"On the lawn"

We cut to outside on the lawn, where a pulpy mass throbs on the grass. And then we run backwards, at 8X speed or greater, and as time flows backwards we see the outside of the house, and stars tracing arcs backwards or some shit. And we cut shots into this, of the inside of the house; of in the girl's living room. And in reverse, you see us, girl and boy, touch like this, kiss, tentatively touch, and move progressively further apart, then closer, then further apart.

Then, when the reversing stops, you see the outside of the house. The boy's car pulls up (the boy's - 'I'), and I get out. I walk past the letterbox on the way up to my girl's front steps. Cut, cut, see: see her see me approaching and her holding her chest. See the letterbox. Hear it beat as I pass, and see the heart inside. And see me keep walking, starting on the steps and going up.

And cut to the inside of my car; cut to the glove compartment and bump-bump-bump. Guess what's inside? Inside. Outside again - cut outside. See me from the door's perspective. As I get to the door, the letterbox shakes around in the background, not just a little, either. And as I go to knock we're in the boot of my car, and you can get a good look at a ribbon-tied box in the back of my car. Go on, get a good look. See inside it. See my wang shrinking in fear. I ring the bell and the letterbox almost shakes itself free.

Later: cut to the boot of his (the boy, 'I', whatever) car, where the boy's cock is strapped down inside a box. It starts pacing around, doesn't it? Also: and see a mirror in the girl's room starts quivering.

See the chandeliers in her house start coming down from the ceiling like fingers.

"But once the noise and shock get a little less (they don't have to be fully gone) you can start to hear them, these little lines. "Hey" what's that? "Hey!" ... "Hey! Stay behind me, or you'll be squashed flat! Stay behind me and everything will be ok!" And they say it faintly but nicely, so it makes a lot of sense, and so you know that they are right and when you realise that it's them that are saying it"

Part 4.

December 19, 2004.

Here's something: C--- in the big city, when he first came; before train tracks and roads were assimilated into [the casual recognition centres of his brain] his casual brain, before they entered the area of symbolism[1], they were cacophony and noise and he couldn't understand why the city's rail department didn't hire hundreds of thousands of strong, kind men or girls so that everyone standing at the train stations would have someone gently (but firmly) holding them + rubbing their heads against theirs and gently giving off the vibe: No - so they wouldn't accidentally jump onto the tracks as the big trains flew past loud + so very noisy. And this wasn't a depression or an angst thing, you see; **no**, it was just the overwhelming world of possibilities.

[1]: This needs explaining. Now that there has been that talk of trains, picture this: We've all (probably), y'know, stood at a train station. If not, roads are just as good, for our purposes. And it's true; the trains (or cars) pass by so fast, and with force and noise, and could kill us (if we got in their way). And this is because the bright or dirty yellow lines say 'stay behind me' at the train station; 'stay behind me, or you'll be squashed flat, or torn up, or **sheared** from your hands and feet (and head!)' [(or the road - y'know - roads don't go forever - there's a demarcation between road and footpath that cars generally know not to cross)] .. because these signs aren't speak-

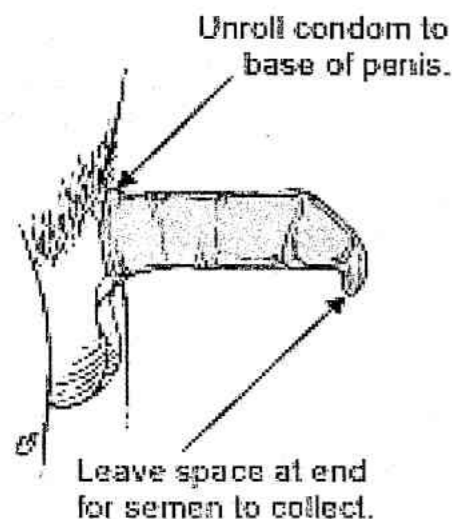
ing loudly enough yet. Everything is new and shocking (the noise, especially) and it drowns out the noise of the bright or dirty lines. But once the noise and shock get a little less (they don't have to be fully gone) you can start to hear them, these little lines. "Hey" what's that? "Hey!" ... "Hey! Stay behind me, or you'll be squashed flat! Stay behind me and everything will be ok!" And they say it faintly but nicely, so it makes a lot of sense, and so you know that they are right [and when you realise that it's *them* that are saying it - that the words come from somewhere, from a city that wants you to live, that is okay with the idea; it makes a lot of sense + you know that they are right]. And from then on, who cares about the trains? They are no longer real. They are like pictures of trains, arriving at the station, because they can't hurt you. PICTURES or symbols ... **Symbols!**

Part 5:

April 10, 2005.

I had a dream last night. We were on a rickety old bus, you and I, and we were stamping giant cockroaches with our feet. Then some of them had wings but they refused to fly.

Dominik left Canberra for the city lights in January 2005.



Copland Cock-hole Stakeout

Sex in toilets: a fun and productive hobby to whittle away your winter months. By Leon Twardy and Lachlan Yeates.

Toilet sex is only practiced in a select, some would say clique, selection of loos. We went down to check out the action. We are two totally straight guys of course. And not that kind of action. And not that kind of down. You may be wondering as to why someone gets an assignment like this. It's not like people generally lie awake at night thinking about how their life would be, if only they could just spend more time writing articles about toilet 'action'. Seeking affirmation of our place as valid members of society, we attended a Woroni party and got a job. In a pique of irony (or possibly deep, deep hate), they presented us with this rather lovely topic.

Fieldwork:

After some thought about how one would go about writing such an article, we decided the best place to start would be the Copland toilets themselves, haven of the so called 'cock-sluts.' After a detailed perusal of the walls, which read like a cross between a porno and a human bio exam, we found such choice lines as "Economics is fun," and "cocks are cleaner and taste nicer." While these deep metaphorical statements kept us occupied for some time, the main theme that kept on presenting itself was that of "stick your cock under the partition for a good time." Now being somewhat scientifically minded, we decided to test the practicalities of this theory, and although we did not have uh, stomach enough to do the hard research (huh, huh, huh), we discovered that it was possible to achieve the required height. However, it required a fair degree of athleticism and the mental preparedness to get a face full of urine from the floor of the toilet for the sake of a hand job from the person in the next cubicle. It would also be painfully obvious to anyone who happened to be walking past, given away the rapturous (if somewhat wet, sour and smelly) face of the lucky receiver. After some deliberation* about the intelligence of the move, we left our details on the wall: "iwanttotasteyour.tastylovedribble@anu.edu.au" sincerely hoping that no-one had any urgent assignments for Dr Tastylovedribble. That completed, and having enlarged our vocabulary somewhat on all things toilet sex, the next logical move was obvious: to stakeout the toilets.

After an hour of anxious fixation, loitering, watching, waiting (and 30 mins of deciding exactly if we were being 'gay' or not), we completed our data sample. In the best tradition of academics everywhere of inferring complex results from our somewhat limited data, we have deduced that either the subjects were looking for some kind of fulfillment, which was not received (I mean, 42.35 seconds is a pretty

short time for anyone to get off), or that Anglo-Saxon cattle were all sold at the age of 3 to Greek traders, in exchange for alien artifacts.

Results: A Personal Testimony Accidentally Offered, Anonymously Rejected

While our study may have ended up being about as sexually explicit as your average funeral, life has not always been so dull at the go-down corral. While traversing Copland as I busily went about missing lectures one day, I decided to take a moment out, and retire to the loo for a bog. My foot was happily tapping away to a jaunty little tune in my head, and I settled into a cubicle and began perusing the walls.

Most of the graffiti was pretty lame, and the large scrawl of "Tap foot discreetly for blow-job" did not catch my attention immediately. I was shocked, but then it occurred to me that I probably wasn't quite as shocked as the guy in the next stall over. How would he take this staccato proposition? In truth, the poor fellow literally shat him self and left. I froze. This was my first accidentally offered, anonymously rejected blow-job and he'd left with nothing more than a wet fart. Although, his crapping himself may have had less to do with my foot tapping, and more with the fact that we were in a toilet. We had despaired somewhat at the possibility of doing any serious research, before an unexpected avenue opened up to us. Our carefully placed personal ad finally paid off. We received several pretty informative emails, and while, uh, one of us was pretty keen to follow them up in the interests of science, specifically the field of biology, we decided it would be best not to. In addition to this, we also received a rather interesting phone call. The transcription follows:

"Hello?"

"I want your fat cock pounding me right now."

"... you'd be calling for Leon then ... [lengthy pause] ... thanks mum, uh, Hello?"

Click.

Conclusion:

While our information has several far reaching consequences for the history of Anglo-Saxon buckles, it was not particularly useful on the topic of toilet sex, except in a purely speculative nature, which was not within the scope of this study. But Lachlan did go to the Copland toilets, once.

*No deliberation: details may have already been written.

Sex and Bonds: The Relationship Puzzle



By Adam Brodie-McKenzie

"The idea that sex is the difference between friendship and a relationship is far too simplistic. You can have a one night stand and not be in a relationship."

Let's do a bit of a test shall we? What do you think is the main difference between a 'friendship' and a 'relationship'? Personally to you, what is it? Ask the person next to you and see what they think. If there isn't anyone sitting next to you then pretend there is. It's always nice to have friends.

Did you say "Sex!" loudly and confidently, resulting in peculiar yet curious looks from those around you, imaginary or not? Are you female? I am not trying to be sexist here. I have asked quite a number of people this question and without fail every single chick has answered 'sex' unblinkingly and immediately.

Interestingly, that has not been the case with guys. Sure there were those that mentioned sex but then there are guys that will mention sex when talking about test cricket. Surprisingly, a substantial number of guys said that a relationship is about a bond, a connection and a trust between two people that surpasses friendship. Sex is not significant.

A colleague of mine has a theory for why this might be. He believes that the reason guys say these things is because they think this is exactly what the opposite sex wants them to say. The stereotypical situation is that guys just want to root until their cock falls off and that chicks are there for the 'feelings' side of things. We have been grown up to believe that society functions in this way, and as a reaction, relate to others in the behaviour that we feel is most appropriate in the circumstances. That's what my colleague reckons anyway. I'm not so sure.

The idea that sex is the difference between friendship and a relationship is far too simplistic. You can have a one night stand and not be in a relationship. What about a 'fuck-buddy,' or 'lover' for those more polite and poetic? A fuck-buddy can be your friend or it can just be some

random that you enjoy shagging on a regular basis. It's not a relationship though. No, really it's not - I swear. Why don't you believe me? It's true!

Anyway, on the other side of things, you can be deeply connected with a friend and have a great trust in them. Indeed, many people I know have a far greater bond and trust with their friends than their girl/boyfriend(s).

Possibly there is a greater bond that goes beyond any form of friendship. Dare I mention the 'L' word? Of course not! People are in relationships all the time without love. Often if anyone even mentions the word it will end up with the other person running for the high hills.

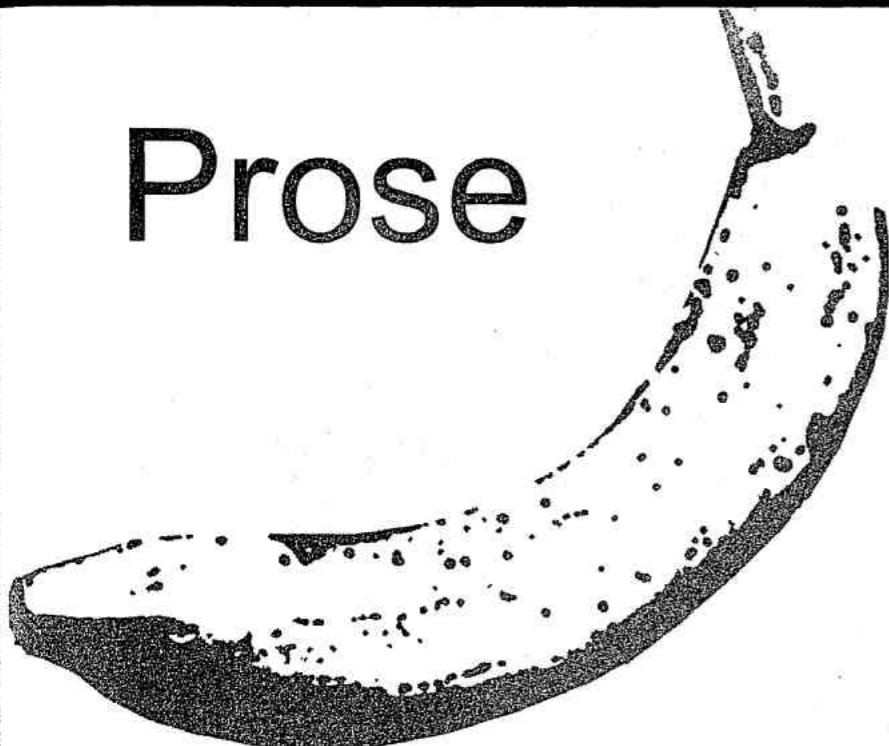
What about people who go out for months before having sex? Maybe they never do it! Maybe they're waiting for their wedding day! Does this time together count as a relationship? Surely it does.

At the same time, would you go out with someone if you knew there was no possibility of sexual relations? Particularly when you could just be friends, good ones even, and find your shagging elsewhere? If so then sex is obviously relevant.

So if it's not sex and it's not some emotional bond thingy that distinguishes between a 'friendship' and a 'relationship,' then what is it? Some would say that friends who have sex are in a relationship. Others would say they're not; they're just fuck-buddies. Can't we all just get along?

Whether something is a 'relationship' is highly subjective anyway. It depends on the two (or more) people involved, and what they think is nobody else's business. Sometimes it's sex and sometimes it's not; often it's both. It's all relative really.

Prose



Murmured Wanting
Anonymous

I look at your photo and I want you. Want your touch, your fingers sliding across my skin. Want the pressure of you lying on top of me. Want all of you, crashing against me. Want the blurring of boundaries. Fluid, slick and messy, combining our bodies, spreading each other thin against our skin. Never able to tell exactly where it is that we start and end. Always separate yet somehow together.

I want to taste you, to whisper soft nothings in the darkness of your musk, to murmur wanting with my tongue. I want the softness of your flesh, the hardness of your bone, the firmness of your clit. I want the silk of your wet, the coarseness of your pubic hair, the insistence of your pelvis moving with growing urgency.

I want to curl my fingers over your pelvic bone, to push through your soft flesh and rest the curve of my fingers firmly against the bone. Softness and hardness. Always.

Your flesh calls me in a way that I have not been called before. I want to feel your skin move under the hard pressure of my hand, feel your flesh move softly over your bones like clouds over mountains. I want to claw desperately to get you closer to me, my hands rhythmically grasping at your back, tearing their way over your skin. Later I will read my desire in the red marks I leave.

Later I will hold you close and gentle and fumble for the words of stories I do not know yet but still I try to tell them to you. Stories that will make sense of this. Stories that will make sense of us.

In the ache between my shoulders is a memory of you. It is a quiet, insistent memory. A memory of strong carnality. Of my fingers deeply filling you, my knuckles pushing hard against your pelvic bone, my fingers in your wet soft flesh. Of you pushing down onto my hand as my tongue flicks over your clit and my chin presses hard against it. And memories of holding you and being held in a bed that is too soft and too small. Lying awake as you sleep, wanting for the morning to come, holding my pelvis still as my desire for you builds in the quiet of the night. The passing cars, the occasional siren, the faint rattling of the trains punctuate an almost unbearable wanting.

Red cock, yellow cock,
Blue cock, brown cock;
I want them all.
- Anonymous



Free Love, Man
By Joel Jenkins

I don't know if it is sex or the intimacy that goes with sex that we crave the most. I don't know about the rest of you, but relationships for me are not merely there for the sex. Intimacy should be what they are all about. Sex is merely a bi-product of intimacy. Intimacy is human nature. As Ginsberg writes in his novel *Deliberate Prose*; 'Human contact is built into our nature as a material need as strong as food, it is not an esthetic desire, it is not a fancy idea, it is an absolute fact of our existence, we cant survive without it'. How can you disagree with this? You simply cannot. Physical contact is a need that we all have. Going without this physical contact will lead to insanity. Parenting books expressly stress this. A child needs nurturing, they need to be loved. That is why some people grow up the way they do- they have not had a nurtured upbringing. To this day I still crave to be nurtured- we all do. We all crave to be loved. It is our parents' love that is the greatest and without this love I don't know where I would be. I have recently got into a lot of trouble for writing of my past intimate experiences, and I realise now that intimacy has to be a personal thing. We may share our secrets of past sexual relations but we never share our past experiences of intimacy. I encourage everyone out there reading to realise the fact that we all need to be loved. If you are single and don't have the luxury of being in an intimate relationship, I urge you to reconsider your motive. We all need to be loved, to be touched. This is what the 60s era of a sexual revolution was all about. The 'Summer of Love', I believe was based on these same ideas of sharing intimacy, of sharing our common bond of needing to be loved. San Francisco, being the center of this spectacle was not without reason. San Francisco, in this era, was a city afloat with new ideas. New ideas, from writer poets such as Ginsberg, Kerouac and Ferlinghetti. These people need to be idolized as the messiahs of a new era of thought. They highlighted that sex is a common thing, it need not be looked down upon as a sin, rather to be looked upon as one of the greatest gifts we have been given. If we, at the ANU, can revive these ideals of openness about sex and intimacy, we would be one step closer to the peace that we all crave. If intimacy and sex make us all feel so good about ourselves, I ask, why the fuck cant we have it? Are we all so uptight snobs that we cannot realise this fact? No-one is that fucking special that they don't need to be loved. Believe it or not, but even Johns boys need to be loved. If only the passion that they have for football can be readdressed to a new passion of love and inner peace. Maybe football and sport are enough for some people to achieve this, though I cannot fathom how. Let a new revolution of love begin and lets all celebrate the ideals that sex and intimacy can give to us. Do not be afraid!!

I, Trashbag

By Jimmy



"A friend and I, being drunk, decided it would be great to see what Canberra brothels were actually like. At the third brothel we ran into a girl I actually knew - you can imagine my delight."

I am sick of drinking. Yet, here I am, seated precariously on the edge of a crowded bench at the Phoenix, head swimming, eye lids drooping, staring at a pair of breasts.

"I'm pissed," I slur. From the half-distracted, patronising nod of my friend next to me I realise this isn't a statement to be nailed to the cathedral door and is left uncontested. My focus is still on the breasts. Yes, I'm a trash-bag. Worse than that, I'm a sleazy trash-bag. Worse still, I usually pretend that I'm not. And the cherry on top of the irony cake is that I have a casual job looking after kids. Teenage kids, in fact, whom I spend a great deal of time telling to say no to drugs and alcohol. It is no wonder I wake up every second morning coughing up bile and ash, feeling guilty.

About what? Making a dick out of myself once again? Dropping more than one drink on the floor, not being helped by having the reaction time of a three-toed sloth and the grip of an eight month old baby? Maybe it was when I passionately dispensed some full-of-shit rhetoric about feminist theory, my knowledge based on one semester of Gender Philosophy (half of which I can't even remember), inevitably leaving me looking like an idiot. Wait, that's right! It was the three different girls I decided it would be a good idea to slobber over and then ever so subtly ask out to coffee in mono-syllabic gutter dribble. I'd be lying if any one of them showed the vaguest interest or attempted to hide their disdain at the swaying, droopy-eyed deviant leaning up against them.

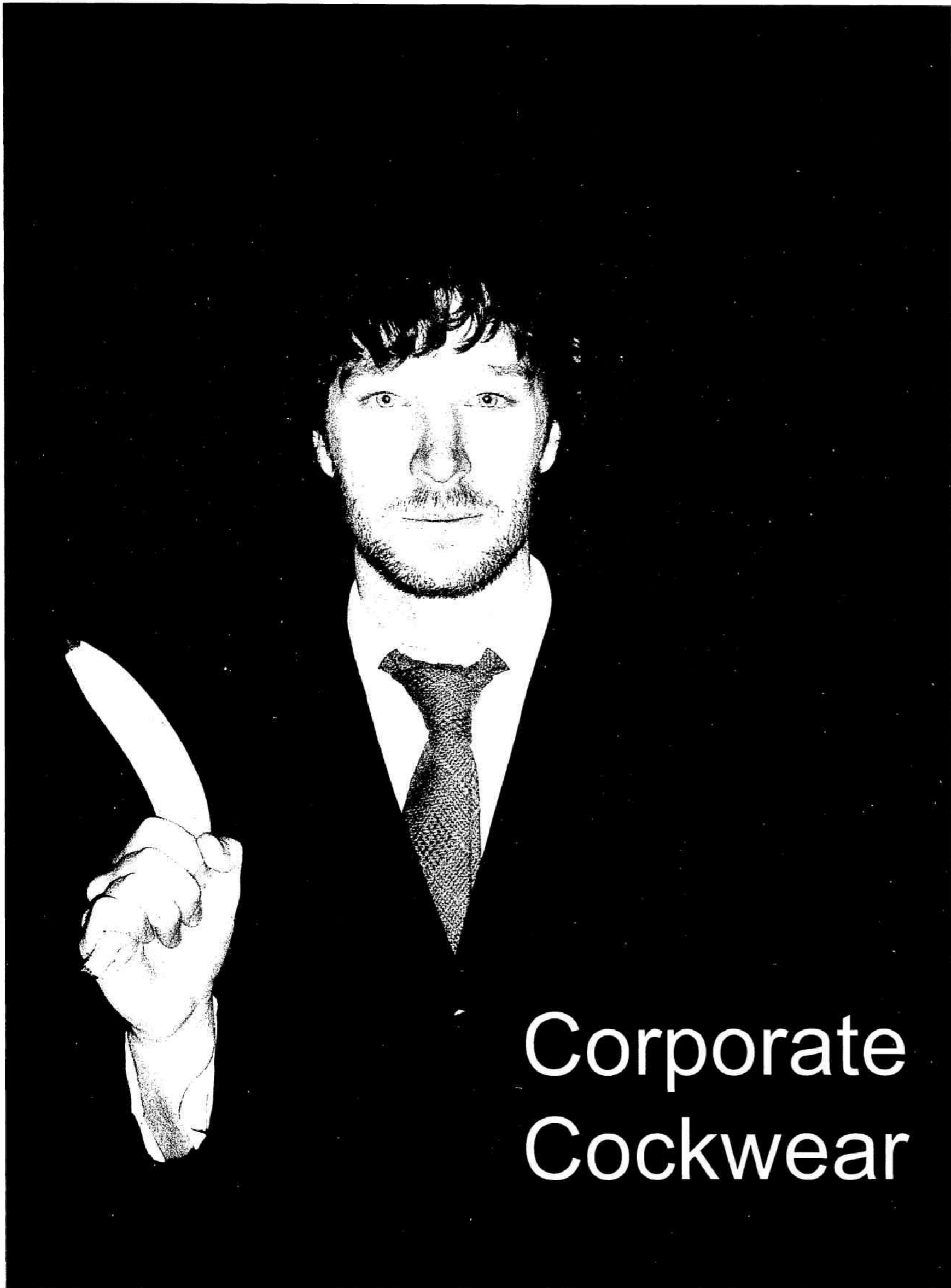
Tits. Boobs. Mammaries. Lumps of fat with no biological purpose other than to feed the young, yet remain this constant source of anguish (for the girls) and obsession (for the guys). And yes, even I, the pillar of virtue that I am, fall into the latter category. The girl attached to these particular breasts is not talking to me. I don't actually know her. She's talking to a guy across the table. I'm on her right side and from the side-ways glance she gives me I think she knows where my attention is focussed. Realising this I reluctantly turn away. Why do I do this? Have I no self-control? Or is it just a complete lack of class? Trash-bag!

My friends are discussing the politics of the UN. Having learnt my lesson from my Feminist theory rant I keep-the-fuck-quiet, accept to whimsically comment on the use of a metaphor. That's it Jim, keep it simple. In my first and second years I pulled this shit all the time without a second

thought. I drank, acted like a degenerate lab rat on speed, woke up, went to the gym, studied and thought nothing of it. Why is it so different now that I have entered my fourth year of delayed childhood? Once leaving uni I'm sure it's a different story. Nobody wants a drunken English teacher with a fried brain taking the children out to get drunk on their eighteenth birthdays. In fact, upon reflection, I think I'm really just compensating for my years in high school as a pimply faced loser reading fantasy novels and masturbating to the five seconds of breasts I catch on SBS.

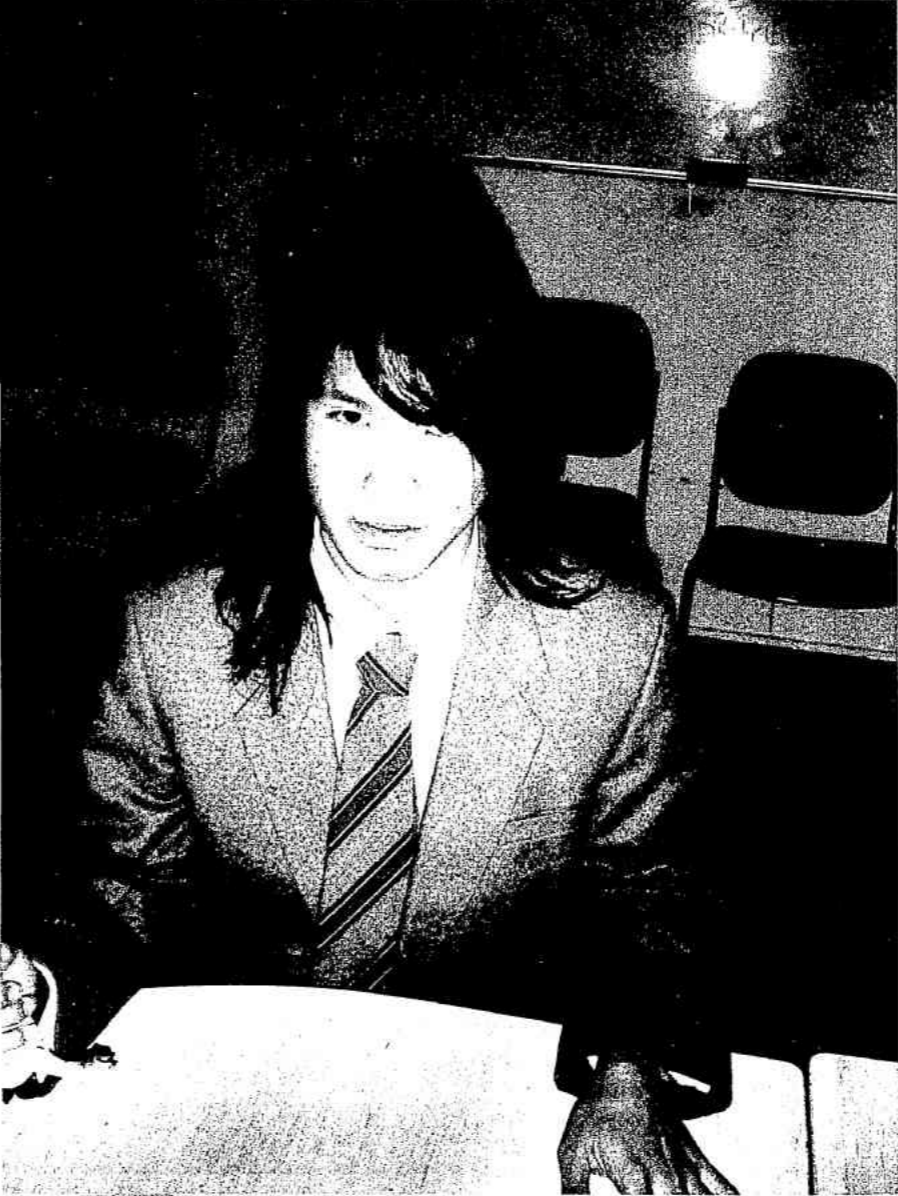
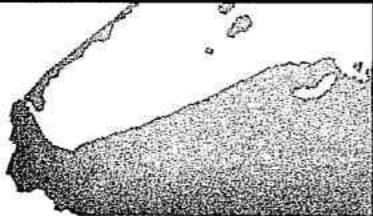
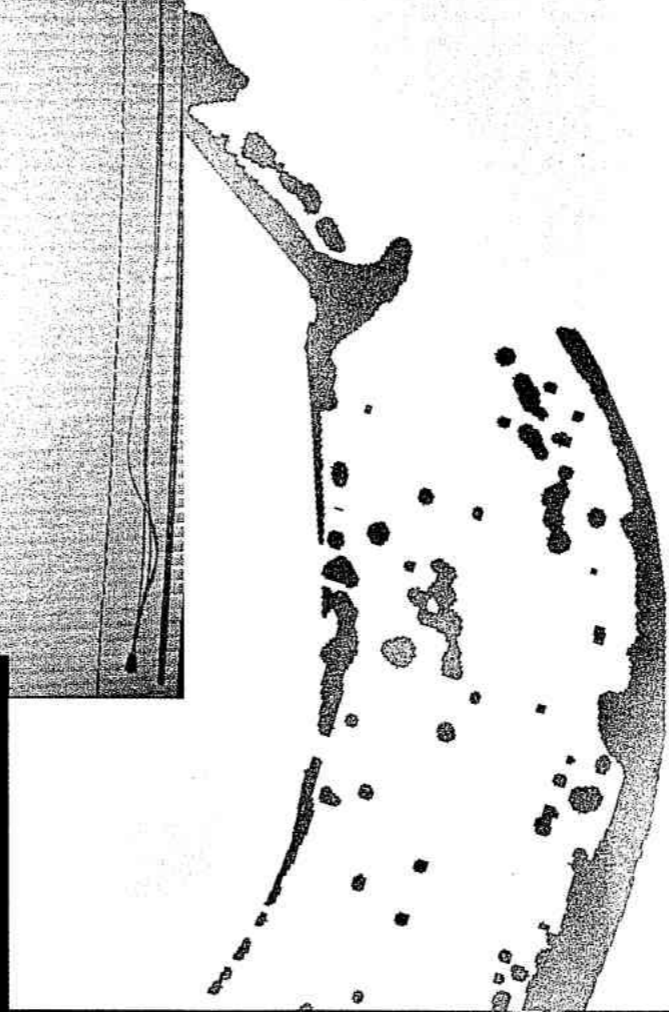
I know what you're thinking: "well at least he doesn't make use of Canberra's accessible sex industry." Think again. I haven't actually ever paid for sex, but a friend and I, being drunk to the point of nearly losing all cognitive functions, permanently, decided it would be a great experience to see what Canberra brothels were actually like. We thought it was so beat. Yes, I know, we are dickheads. It was on our sight-seeing tour of the third brothel that we ran into a girl I actually knew - you can imagine my delight. Needless to say, we woke up to ourselves and swiftly caught a taxi home. Now, I know what you're going to ask, "Why doesn't this guy have a girlfriend?" It's a mystery to me too.

Seriously, am I that different or worse than anyone else? Who do I have to compare myself to? Perhaps pill-popping mung-beans, chewing off their own tongues while reaching for the lasers (no offence though, I did used to be one). Or should I digress to innocent and boring, spending my nights singing in church choirs and, God forbid, maintaining a suitable level of hygiene. And in reality, people can be very forgiving when they know what state you are in. Altogether, I'm pretty harmless. I never fight, and always walk away if I'm told I'm not wanted. The worst I'll do is trip over you or get splatters of beer on you when I drop my drink (and I will drop my drink, every time). If I could give one message to our first years, it would be to accept your life style choice as a trash-bag, or if the option is presented to you in the future, embrace it. It now seems time that I accept my trash-bag ways, and so should you. I've nearly finished my degree, I have friends (albeit, trashy ones) and I have fun, at the expense of no one but myself. You judge, but deep down inside you know there's a trash-bag inside, waiting to burst from your stomach like a proverbial alien - to wreak havoc four to five nights a week.



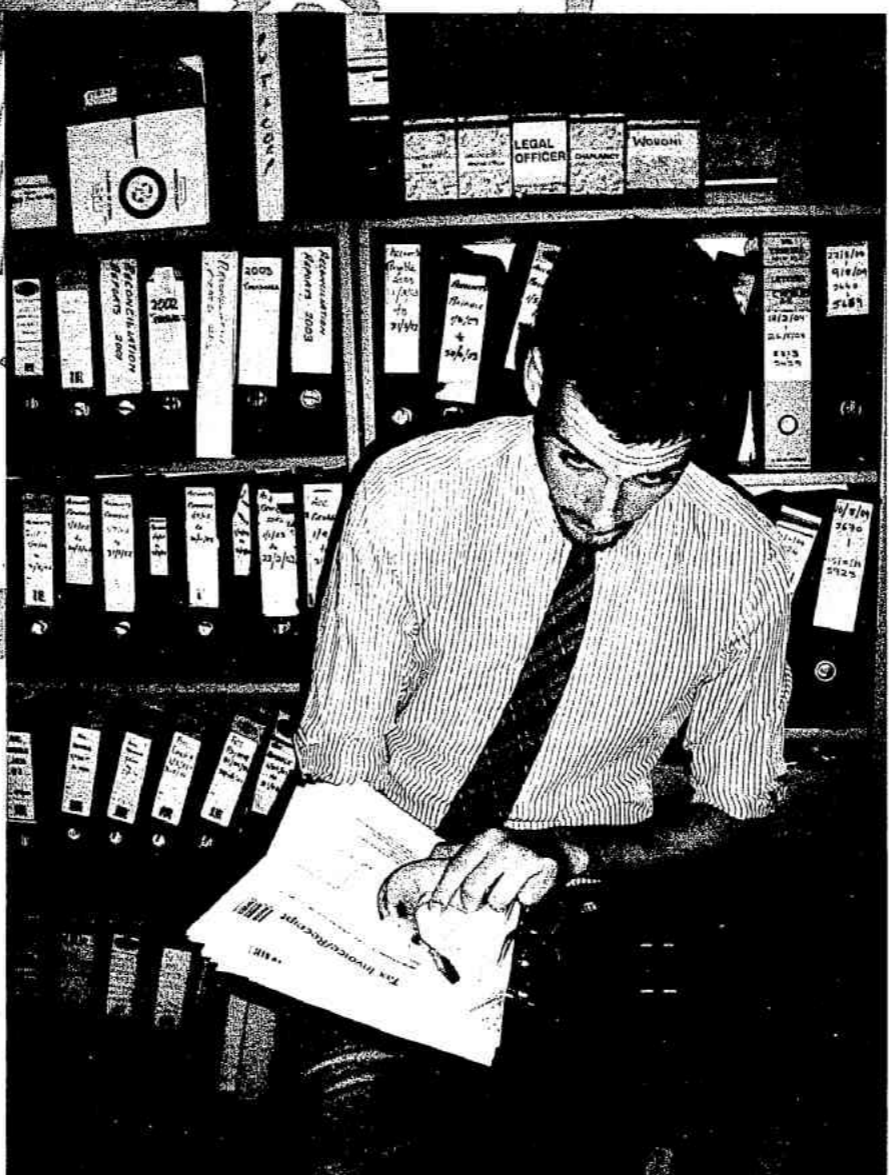
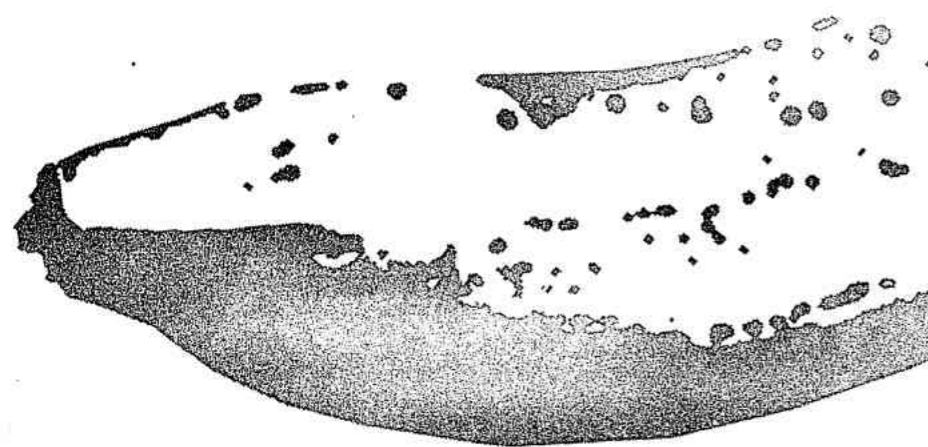
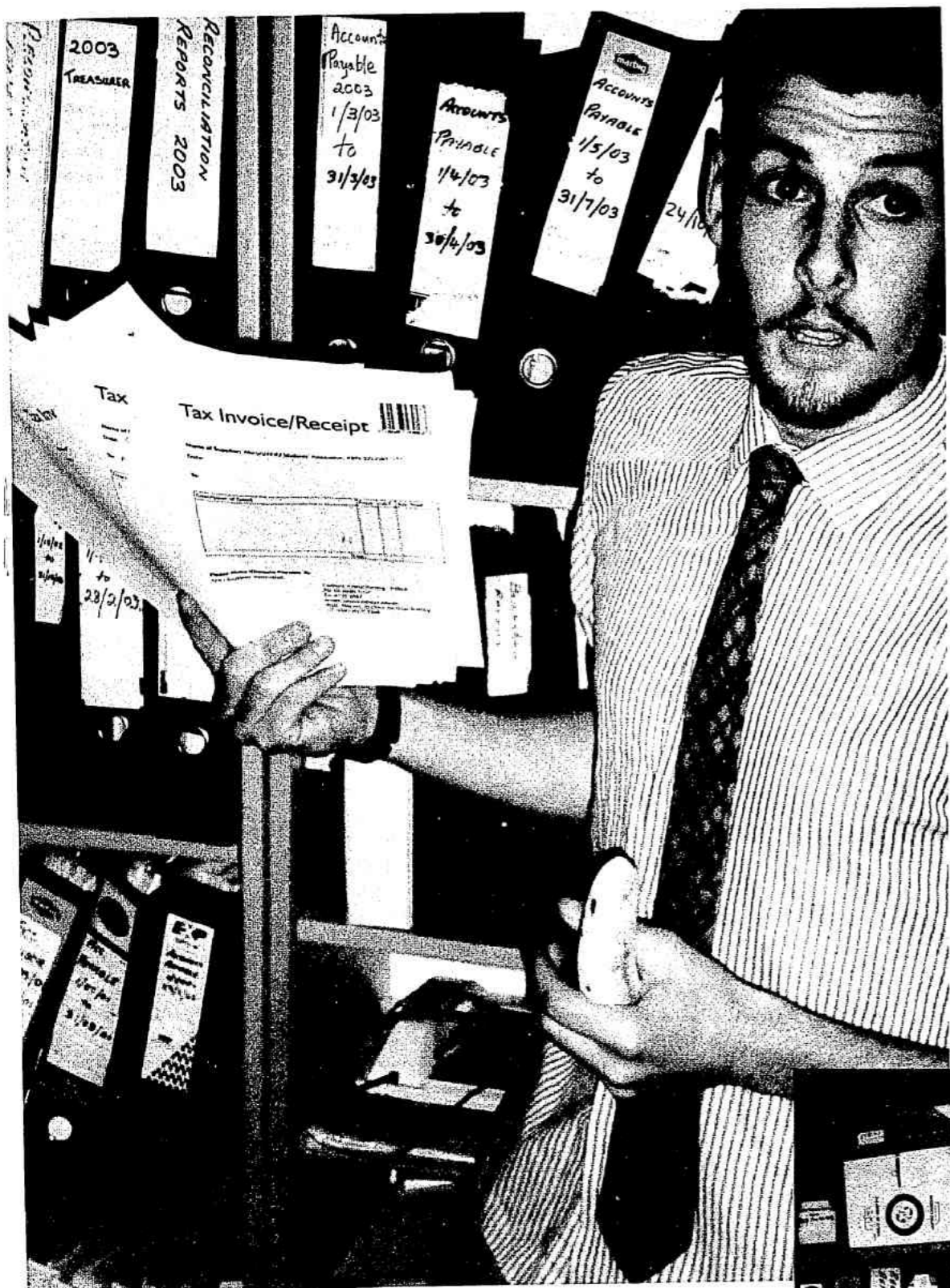
Corporate Cockwear

*All clothes by Corporate Cockwear.
Models: Jim, Palu, Tim.*



Person: ...

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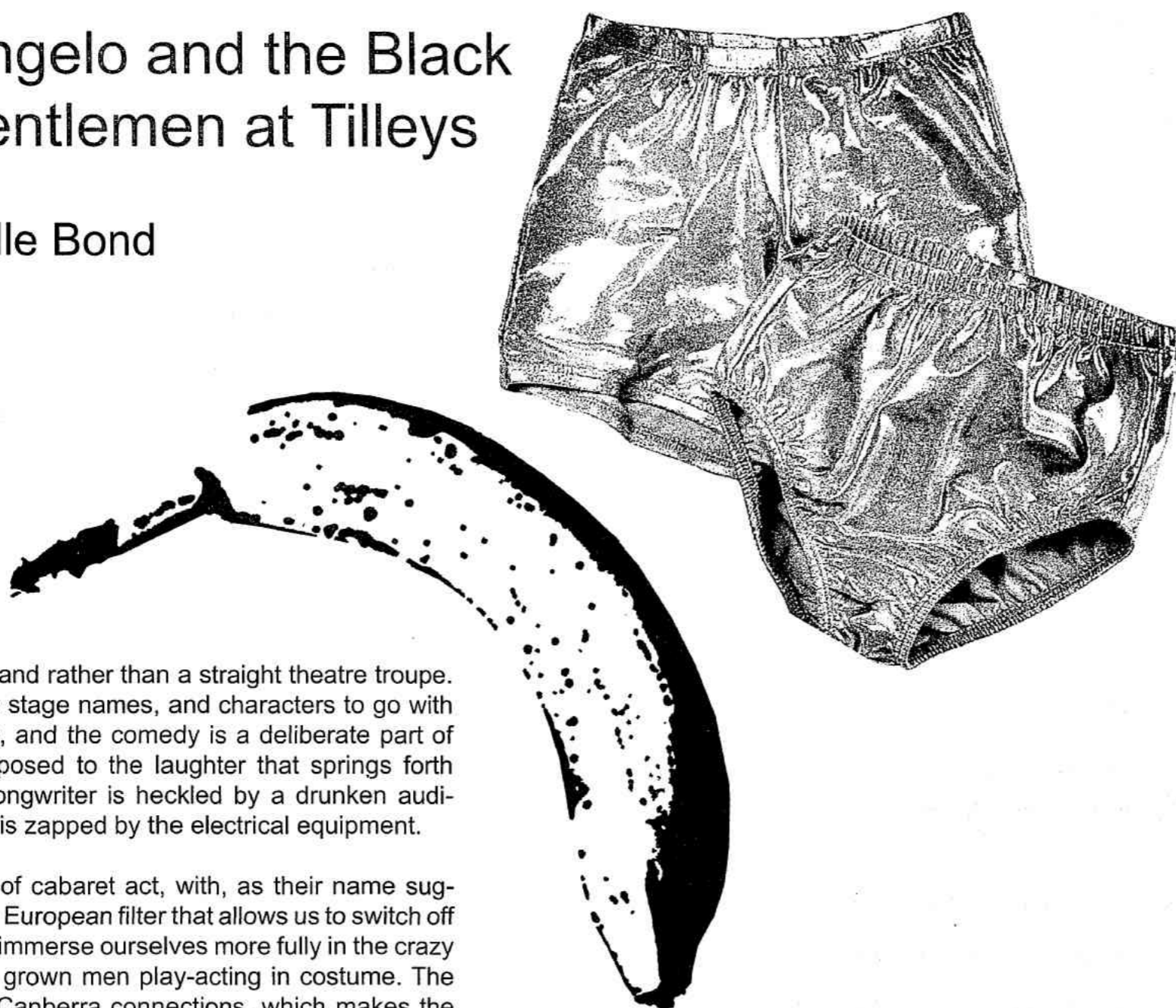
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Theatre

Mikelangelo and the Black Sea Gentlemen at Tilleys

By Michelle Bond



Yes, they are a band rather than a straight theatre troupe. But they do have stage names, and characters to go with the stage names, and the comedy is a deliberate part of the show, as opposed to the laughter that springs forth when a singer/songwriter is heckled by a drunken audience member or is zapped by the electrical equipment.

They are a kind of cabaret act, with, as their name suggests, an eastern European filter that allows us to switch off our disbelief and immerse ourselves more fully in the crazy spectacle of five grown men play-acting in costume. The band has many Canberra connections, which makes the interaction between audience and performer much easier and means that the jokes are received as they ought to be, none of this poor joke telling at little Canberra's expense for this band or their audience. The best of these was the running joke about the Canberra Times' inadequacy (oh damn there were jokes at our expense) in sorting out who was whom within the band, although Rufino's ironic comment (delivered in a heavy, generic southern/eastern European accent) about liking this town because it reminded him of a little village he grew up in, what with all the 70s brutalism was also well received.

Mikelangelo and the Black Sea Gentlemen present songs that cover quite a range of experiences (particularly if your experience includes cannibalistic tendencies), but I was impressed that they could move from the more common crazy comedy into pathos very fluidly. This was particularly so in a song that was called "A-minor Day," which, unsurprisingly, used musical terms to describe how terrible the day was, and how wonderful it could have been if it was an a-major day. The support that the music itself gives to the songs' themes and lyrics is a very strong point of the band (as it should be for cabaret, or kabaret, or even faux-cabaret), and it is good to see that a band whose path takes them so close to what may be technically termed 'novelty'

is so musically adept that it will never suffer such a label, and is instead hailed as wildly original.

But it isn't just about the music and the dodgy accents. They had costumes and a costume change, there was danger and high drama, and there were even candles at the end. I like costumes, and the best thing about them is that they are the most obvious thing when one is first presented with a piece of theatre goodness or badness, and are capable of pointing out the tone of the evening in the very first glance at the performers. So it was with Mikelangelo's hot suit in a shot green taffeta-looking (although I really don't think it was taffeta) fabric, which was a little post-Soviet mafia ostentation, a little zoot-suit sexiness (in a rather excess fabric kind of way), and a lot of stuff that I knew I had never seen the like of. Of the Gentlemen's costuming, it was mainly an ensemble-yet-we-are-individual-characters job and Mikelangelo's position as frontman and leader was visually well maintained.

It was a very fine piece of non-theatre performance (despite Tilleys' ridiculous new door policy), which shows that Canberra is not the cultural/arts vacuum that it is far too often said to be.

Music

The Art of the Mixtape: Sex

By Tom Spira, Nick Beresford-Wyllie, Nick Craven
(Hancock Basement).

The ancient art of the sex tape is much like the ancient art of the karma sutra: it requires patience, poise, flow, kinkiness and aural finesse. Here is a mix designed for you and your partner to practise your best dirty dancing moves to. Disclaimer: success of sex tape is subject to stamina.

Beck - (...and your sister) Deborah

Sleazy porn-funk to kick off the foreplay. Especially useful if you're having a kinky threesome with hot siblings.

Prince - Do me baby

Nothing gets you in the mood more than this pint-sized sex-god's luscious mix of falsetto, synth and slap bass.

Madonna - Like a Prayer

Thou shalt learn from Madonna, she's got her technique worked out and everything. Religion never felt so right.

Faithless - If loving you is wrong (I don't wanna be right)

"I swear you look wicked with your panties in your hair..."

The White Stripes - Ball and Biscuit

Let's face it, Jack and Meg White are not the sexiest mofos around, but they sure know how to get you to take the plunge with their squealing blues licks. Go on, have a ball. Just try not to think about the kinky brother-sister/husband-wife thing...

The Black Keys - Heavy soul

When the Keys sing: "Go to the valley, climb the hill," you know what to do.

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club - Red eyes and tears

What you might have if it's the first time (or if the going gets rough).

Air - Sexy boy

If you haven't found your groove by now, you will after this

saucy little number. May not be suitable for lesbian liaisons.

Portishead - Biscuit

Deep. Powerful. Throbbing.

Peaches - Fuck the pain away

From the Teaches of Peaches album, and is also featured on the *Lost in Translation* soundtrack. Mmm, Scarlett Johansson.

Basement Jaxx - Get me off

"Don't wanna be coy / It's time to get me off." Definitely no room for being coy at this stage. Unless you're Catholic, of course (just make sure you pull out before track 14 - if it worked for Tony Abbot, it can work for you).

Kylie - Come into my world (Fisherspooner remix)

Come, come, come into my world (but not too soon).

Prodigy - Smack my bitch up

Metaphorically speaking, naturally. If however, you are into sado-masochism, work out who the bitch is, and give them a good smack!

Aphex Twin - Windowlicker

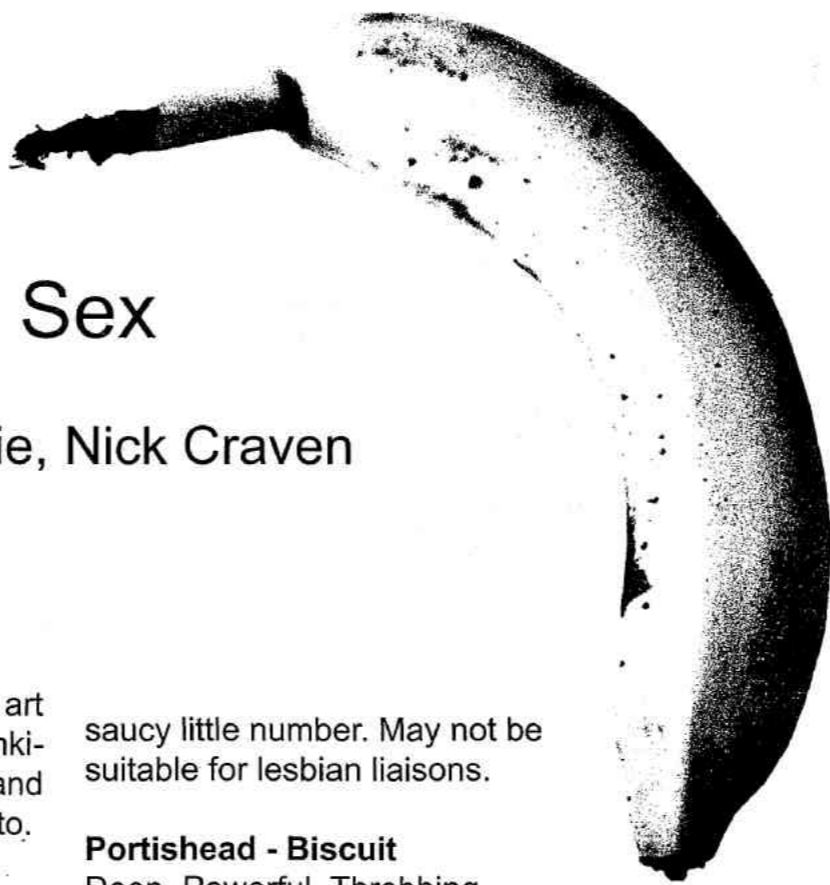
The moaning, groaning climax at the end of this song will result in a sheer, tantric, orgasm being unleashed - or you've done something wrong.

Explosions In The Sky - Your hand in mine

A perfect post-coital spooning song (aww), or a creepy reference to Michael Jackson (he really should have left the glove on).

Bonus track (for the morning after)

Outkast - Where are my panties?



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Music

Rogue Wave

Out Of The Shadow

Helen Chrzanowski



Sure he isn't the Son of God, the Jesus to Ben 'Judas' Gibbard, of Indie just yet - but bide your time, Zach Rogue (aka Rogue Wave) will surely be making the genre 'formally-known-as-indie-two-years-ago' his bitch soon, (with an estimated arrival time of mid 2006). I warn in advance of Rogue Wave's near certain prevail into the limbo of 'OC' vogue so to provide pertinent bandwagon jumping time. Rogue Wave's debut *Out Of The Shadow* is that little album that could. Opener *Every Moment*, with its blissful, sparse instrumentation initiates the obvious, and quite justified, comparisons to neo-indie classic *Oh, Inverted World*. The meek delicacy of *Be Kind + Remind*, an oh-so pretty and eclectic mix of bird noises, harmonica, guitar and solace, lined with the fragile chorus "please be kind/and remind" it is Rogue at his most saccharine. And oh, it melts me! The endearing aesthetic of layered steel guitars, electronics, credible lo-fi hiss, and surreal, quirky imagery, ignores any pretence while Rogue's instinctive knack for pop hooks makes *Out Of The Shadow* a buzzing, alluring listen. If you want to frequent Indies' high achievers before Seth Cohen does (and trust me, you do) here's a given.

Human After All

Daft Punk
Nick Craven



Ah, remember those heady days of the late nineties when dance music ruled the charts and French duos sampled dubiously pronounced English lyrics? Well you probably remember Daft Punk, the pioneering act who brought a heavy dose of irony and intelligence to the dance floor. The glory days of dance have since faded and the duo's latest effort, *Human After All*, may be an indicator as to why. The first sin-

gle Robot Rock showed potential with one of their best hooks since Da Funk but it suffers from the same disease as most of the album-the annoying repetition of one great idea. The title track has a stomping riff and the tasteful use of vocoder and Emotion feels like it could be a twist in the direction of their landmark Discovery album but these tracks feel rushed and are never fully realised, probably because the album was recorded in only eight weeks. What may be an ironic statement about boring pop music in the noughties simply comes across as disappointing laziness from a once cutting edge act. The ultimate test of any dance album is its ability to get the listener to bust a move. Concerned, I decided to try this and asked my confused little brother to flick my bedroom light on and off to replicate a strobe while I attempted my best moves. After a failed attempt at "the sprinkler" I realised two things. Firstly, that my little brother was scared and secondly that the lacklustre beats were hardly soul stirring or muscle moving. Perhaps a glow-stick and some E might have helped but nonetheless I found myself actually wishing for The Scooter Song. Yeah, I know. I hate that song too. Daft Punk, this album is thoroughly average and has made my brother think I can't dance. Shame on you.

The Black Keys Review

Holy Grail Civic
Saturday March 19th
Nick Beresford-Wyllie

Raw, undulating guitar power is what you would have heard had you been at the Holy Grail on the evening of Saturday the 19th March where the Black Keys played their final gig in Australia before heading off to Auckland to wrap up their March 05 Australian and New Zealand tour. One might argue that the Ohio based Dan Auerbach (guitar and vocals) and Patrick Carney (drums) have had a pretty big impact on the garage scene with their rich, distinctive sound that is marked by Dan's heavy blues guitar riffs and an archetypal blues rock voice that sounds like it should be emanating from a 1960s Chicago bar, combined with Patrick's relentless attacks on

the toms and cymbal. This is a sound that has stood them apart from other contemporary blues-rock acts such as the White Stripes.

As a venue, the Holy Grail exceeded my expectations and the 'Keys, with just one old amp and small range of effects, managed to reproduce the same sound that I'd come to love from their albums. The set was, as I had expected, tight and packed full of crowd pleasers including *Thickfreakness*, *10AM Automatic* and *Stack Shot Billy*. Despite the distraction of that drunk bald guy who continued to run across the stage (thanks a lot mate), Dan never missed a note, just throwing him a contemptuous glance. The beer flowed, the crowd continued to dance wildly and I thought to myself 'here's a band that's going places.'

Indyfest Review

Mara Putnis

So, I might not have been the most avid listener there at the first night of Indyfest. Those enthusiastic kids fresh from the Belconnen Youth Centre took up much of my curiosity. Unfortunately, they were also adding to the Griffin Center's classroom feel, giving me distracting high school flashbacks. But I persevered. After all, Indyfest is all about "showcasing talent of all styles and genres from the ACT and interstate." Didn't I want to see the latest of what the ACT had to offer? Did I? Well, yeah actually. For the most part the bands put on an enjoyable show. One of the more interesting bands of the night was Using Three Words, a formation of Dan O'Day and Damo Blankley from Canberra's now defunct Smeg, alongside Justin Craig, Todd Gregory and Riccardo Natoli from Sydney's Fell for Now and No Poets. Theirs is a melodic rock style that is sure to appeal to many. The band gave an impressively tight performance with excellent percussion, ensuring many a future gig. Another great performer was Alice Cottee, with her compelling mix of folk, rock, jazz and blues. She put on a beautiful performance that should have been witnessed by more people. All in all, a fun night, some great talent and a chance to rock out with the best of underage Canberra. Yay.

Information Technology

The Seedy Underbelly of the Internet

By Rachael Kendrick

I had a lame web design job once where my duties included ctrl+c-ing my way through a bunch of tables, listening to the sweet, steady drone of the fax machine, and something my boss called 'search engine marketing.' Basically, I got to go through every document and cram each part of it with keywords designed to increase our Google ranking. Every image had a title like 'grandpa's crotch, grandpa's crotch fun, cameras in poppa's undies, grandad crotch camera.' The head section was longer than the actual body of the document, empty columns were filled with words in the same colour as the rest of the background. Shady stuff, really, and I learnt it all from porn. Or, rather, my boss learnt it all from porn, and kindly passed on his shiftily-acquired knowledge to me. On more than one occasion he'd print out the source code from smutty websites and give it to me as an example of what he wanted for our websites.

I know a few people who design porn sites. By design, I mean code and update, because there's rarely any actual design involved in your basic barely-legal-horny-teen-mom-I'd-like-to-fuck-chicks-with-donkeys-dirty-lesbians website. It's a pretty basic job, doesn't require much in the way of thinking or scruples, which is a good thing because all the people I know who design porn sites are mums with small kids. I'd wager that a lot of the work on these websites gets farmed out to stay at home mums and agoraphobic IT nerds and the like, which is a little unsettling. That MPEG of a slightly frightened blonde girl in desperate need of a towel and a nice cup of tea could well have been uploaded and arranged by a woman taking a break from breastfeeding and nappy changing.

Internet porn is a strange beast. It is the trench-coated overlord of the seamy underbelly of the Internet, those virtual back alleys where Nigerian bankers jostle for space

"All the people I know who design porn sites are mums with small kids."

with Xanax and Vicodin from Mexico and genuine online Texas Hold'Em. It's hard to imagine people establishing and maintaining porn sites; like fungus or lichen, they seem to spring from damp virtual soil of their own volition. But people do make these sites, and they put a lot of thought into them. A preliminary Google on the subject revealed countless guides to the would-be pornographer, mostly focused on marketing and affiliation programs and the like. Which makes sense, because, as one website (www.crazyfrog.com) noted, pornmongers make the most money out of the Internet. 'Practically every successful marketing method on the web comes from techniques perfected by Internet smutmongers,' a porn pundit by the name of Titmouse tells us. 'This whole cyber selling thing is still relatively new and while the mainstream world is busy with stats and studies, adult webmasters are out there paving the path that academia and Madison Avenue will have to follow.'

Which is all well and good, but I can't help thinking about the meat in this market. The majority of porn websites skim over the ways in which they acquire their real nude girls and guys. For other sites the process of finding fresh meat is key to their appeal. With www.straightcollegemen.com, a prize gender studies essay if ever there was one, finding new lunk-headed straight dudes to whip it out is the entire point of the thing. Viewers can participate in this unlikely fantasy world, where straight dudes can be persuaded to reveal not just their bodies but lurid details of their sex lives for the viewer's gratification. I must admit I find straightcollegemen quite endearing, not just because of its unique premise. The owner of the website has a blog discussing the joys and sorrows of running his own business, covering everything from new employee woes to glowing fan mail. And if you're going to look up smut on the internet, it might as well be inspiring smut.

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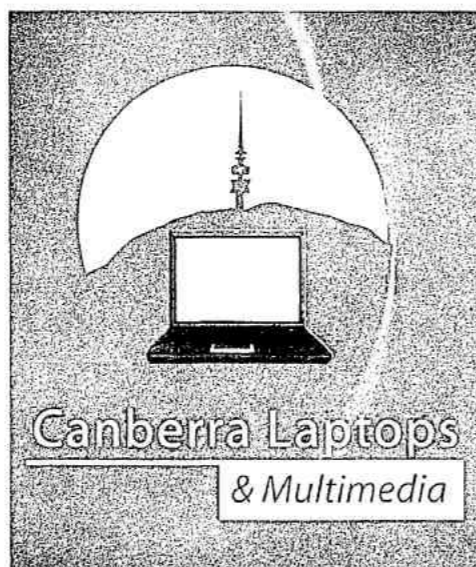
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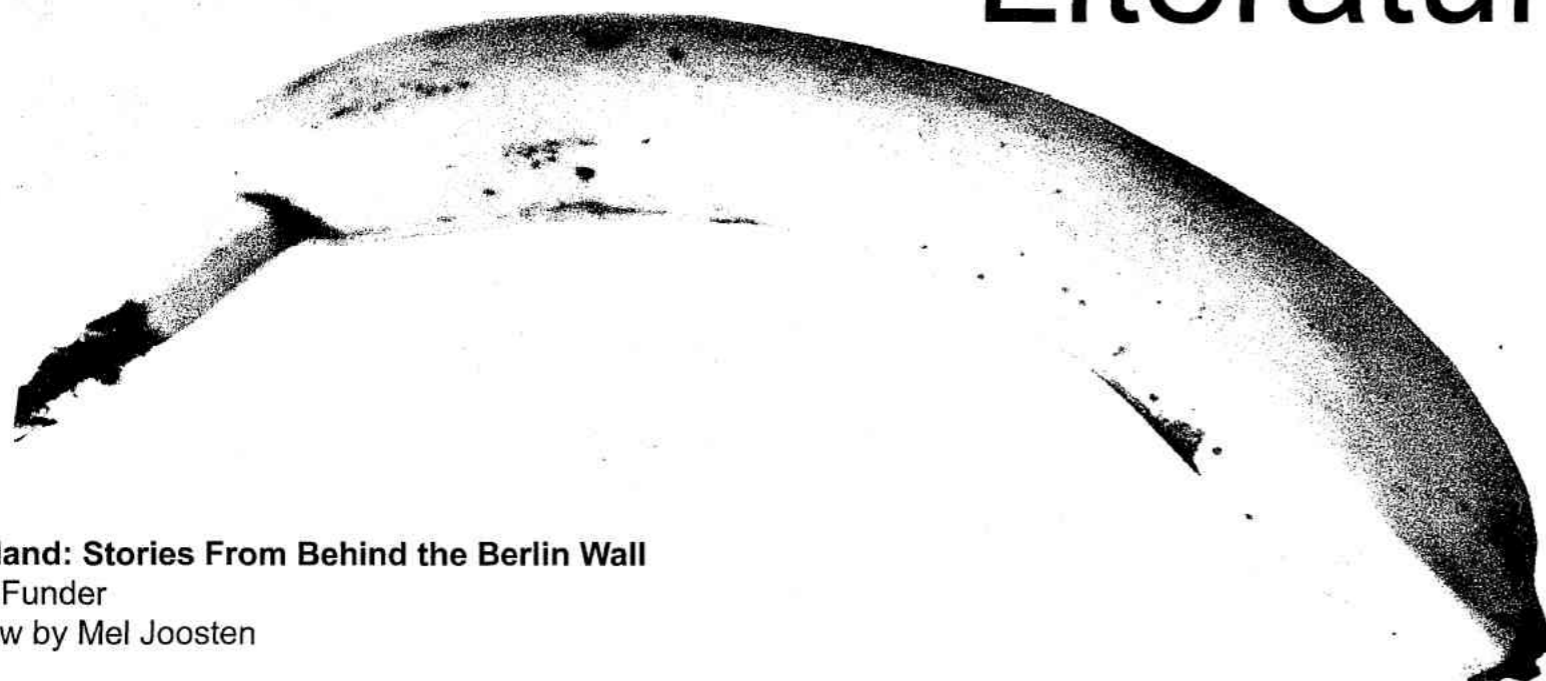
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Literature



Stasiland: Stories From Behind the Berlin Wall

Anna Funder

Review by Mel Joosten

When I read George Orwell's 1984 as a child, I remember being scared, very scared. But it was fiction, right? It could never really happen. And the advent of the horrendous Big Brother TV series turned this fear into something laughable. Then I read Stasiland and all my fears came rushing back - the scariest thing about this book, is that it's all true.

Why would an Australian woman write her first book on the East German state - a place that nobody wants to talk about now, and a place that no longer even exists? Anna Funder lived in West Berlin on exchange before the wall came down in 1989. When it finally came down as the soviet system collapsed, she returned, fascinated by a world and a people so removed from the Australia she grew up in. It was this perspective that made the book so good. Being an outsider meant Funder had more questions to ask, there could never be whole stories or events brushed away with the sweep of a hand 'oh, you know what it was like.'

The Stasi were the secret police of a state whose cruelties have gone untold for so long. They are believed to have had two informers for every thirteen citizens and gathered an incredible amount of information on anyone who they thought had any dislike for the state. Such was the fear of the people that there were even family members informing on each other. The Stasi would wield this information in underhand ways, ensuring that many people and their families couldn't get jobs (whilst maintaining there was no unemployment in East Germany) or education, or be able to travel freely - among the more unspeakable atrocities.

Stasiland is nonfiction, yet it reads like a novel. Funder is a writer with a gift for images - she manages to capture the extraordinary moments of a life that was so ordinary to the people living it at the time. To fuel her research, Funder put a notice in her local Berlin paper - 'Wanted: Ex-Stasi officers and informers for research for a book. Publication in English. Discretion assured.' And despite, or because of, her direct request on a topic that is never brought to the forefront in Germany today, she received many answers, providing her with the dozen 'characters' that feature in her book.

The old cliché of writing, that fact is stranger (and more captivating) than fiction, holds particularly true here - despite its beautiful artistic qualities, this could never have been a novel. As fiction these events would have been seen as too extreme, yet as fact, they are simply chilling.

There's a riveting scene described in the book that occurs when Anna, fuelled by an unrelenting hangover, went for a swim at her local pool in Berlin. The pool she describes was chaotic, to say the least, from the man who inspected the hairy mole under his arm, to the many people who used the pool to, quite literally, bathe and wash themselves. All Anna wanted to do was swim some laps, but there were no lanes marked. She set out anyway. As she swam, a woman in a yellow bikini dog paddled towards her, head up to avoid ruining her makeup - and she was not stopping, let alone slowing down. What eventuated, wrote a rueful Anna, was a game of 'swimming chicken' that ends with the yellow bikini woman triumphant. Anna was pulled up by a lifeguard and told that that there was no swimming in the pool that day as it was free bathing day, and swimming could only occur two hours on every second weekday. As Anna noted, this experience seemed to sum up the irony of a land of unknown and unnegotiable rules, a German Democratic Republic with no sense of democracy, people with no jobs but no acknowledged unemployment, and a pool with no place for swimming.

So taken by the book was I, that I went to see Funder 'in conversation' with Ramona Koval. The most interesting part of the conversation came at the end. Funder said that she couldn't write the book today in 2005, considering the current climate in Australia. The prison camps in our suburbs, the Tampa and SIEV X tragedies, the raising and patrolling of our own border 'walls,' the belief of our government that we don't need to know the truth - about anything much. And we're just letting it all happen, concentrating on the minutiae of our own lives, ignoring what's going on around us. After reading Stasiland, it's all chillingly familiar.

Film

John Waters' Films

By Leo Shanahan

"It is Waters' complete lack of snobbery and pretension in his film-making that enables often complex themes to be transmitted in such an entertaining, and at times shocking, manner."



I've never been to Baltimore. In fact I know very little about it. But when I go to the United States I will be sure to visit it. What interests me about it is that it is the home of filmmaker John Waters. Waters is known as the 'Pope of Trash', and made his name in the 1960s by creating self-written and produced films set in Baltimore that, in the words from one of his many fan sites, lifted the lid on "the plastic sincerity and squashed innocence of the late 50s and early 60s." As a firm believer in the overwhelming presence of plastic sincerity in our society today, it is not surprising to see that Waters still has the ability to shock and fascinate.

Waters achieved mainstream notoriety (well relatively speaking) with his 1972 film *Pink Flamingos* - "an exercise in bad taste" in the director's words. Babs Johnson, played by the world's most infamous drag queen Divine, is crowned "the filthiest person alive" by a local tabloid newspaper. A local couple named the Marbles attempt to wrestle this laurel away from Divine by doing everything from selling heroin to school children, and impregnating female hitchhikers in order to sell the babies to lesbians. This sparks an all out war between Divine's family and the Marbles, culminating in the infamous final scene in which Divine consumes real dog shit. The *Philadelphia Daily News* said of the film upon its release, "Lewd! Shameless! May God forgive its makers for concocting such a vulgar, offensive mess! And may audiences the world over be forever grateful."

One of Waters' most popular films is the 1988 classic *Hairspray*. It once again stars Divine as the mother to Tracy Turnblad played by Ricki Lake. Set in early 60s America, Tracy achieves local celebrity status by becoming one of the regular girls on the 'Corny Collins Dance Show.' Tracy uses the show as a forum to express her disgust with the policy of racial segregation within Baltimore. The film develops into a classic good versus evil battle. The over-

weight Tracy battles the cheerleader type Amber Von Tussle, the racist former Corny Collins girl, for the Miss Auto Show crown.

Besides the fact that this film is hilarious, surprisingly family friendly and has great music, *Hairspray* possesses a quality that is very endearing in Waters' films - he is the advocate for the underdog and the underclass. All misfits have a home in Waters' films. The message of *Hairspray*: Tracy is much cooler (and a much better dancer) because she stands up for people that mainstream society has abandoned. *Hairspray* has since been made into a Broadway show and is now being refilmed as a musical.

Waters was even used as a vehicle to address the issue of homophobia on *The Simpsons*. This guest spot, which cements any celebrity's place in infamy, had Waters guest starring as kitchy op-shop owner John. As well as achieving mainstream discussion of homophobia - in children's programming no less - this episode has my favourite *Simpsons* scene of all time in which Bart is accidentally taken by Homer into a gay steel mill.

He lists as his influences geniuses from both ends of the spectrum, from the most highbrow (Fellini and Fassbinder) to the lowest of the low (Russ Meyer and Ed Wood). It is this complete lack of snobbery and pretension in his film-making that enables often complex themes to be transmitted in such an entertaining, and at times shocking, manner. Waters is proof that as long as there continues to be 'society' there will be those willing to subvert it, and as such, are as equally integral to it.

John Waters' latest film Dirty Shame stars Tracey Ullman, Chirs Issack and Selma Blair. It is unclear when the film will be released in Australia.

Guess Who

Directed by Kevin Sullivan

Reviewed by Rouslun Churches

What do you call 300 white guys chasing one black guy? – The PGA tour. Guess Who is one of the many examples of the new genre of the Bernie Mac and Ashton Kutcher, white-boyfriend-meets-black-father-in-law-to-be films – telling us that it's okay to laugh at African-American jokes, sometimes. The black guy does get the laughs in the end, because compared to Kutcher's grown-up-Kelso-from-That-70s-Show-in-a-suit impersonation, Mac brings home the laughs without even trying. It's straight up Meet The Parents: Daddy's girl brings home boyfriend, boyfriend is actually a top bloke, but is hiding a secret, and ever suspicious Dad finds out. However director Kevin Sullivan has thrown in enough new material, to make Guess Who fresh and funny. When Kutcher arrives at the family home and Mac mistakes the black taxi driver for his daughter's boyfriend, friction is set up that sparks between them the whole way through. Looming behind the main action is the parents' upcoming 25th wedding anniversary. When the boyfriend's dark secret comes and the dad's anniversary vows turn out to be plagiarised, the mum and daughter desert the guys. Then Mac and Kutcher find themselves teaming up to win back their respective women. The African-American stereotypes are funny because they are clever enough to draw the line between tasteful and not; but I was left wondering that if you're going to make an in-laws black-meets-white film, why not put in jokes about the white boyfriend? As encouraging as it is that the US has progressed to be able to laugh with, and therefore accept, its black people (note the lack of in-laws indigenous-meets-white Australian movies), I'm waiting for a reverse-plot sequel loaded with laughs about the white boy and his family.

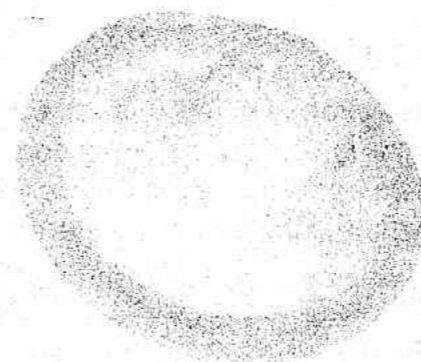
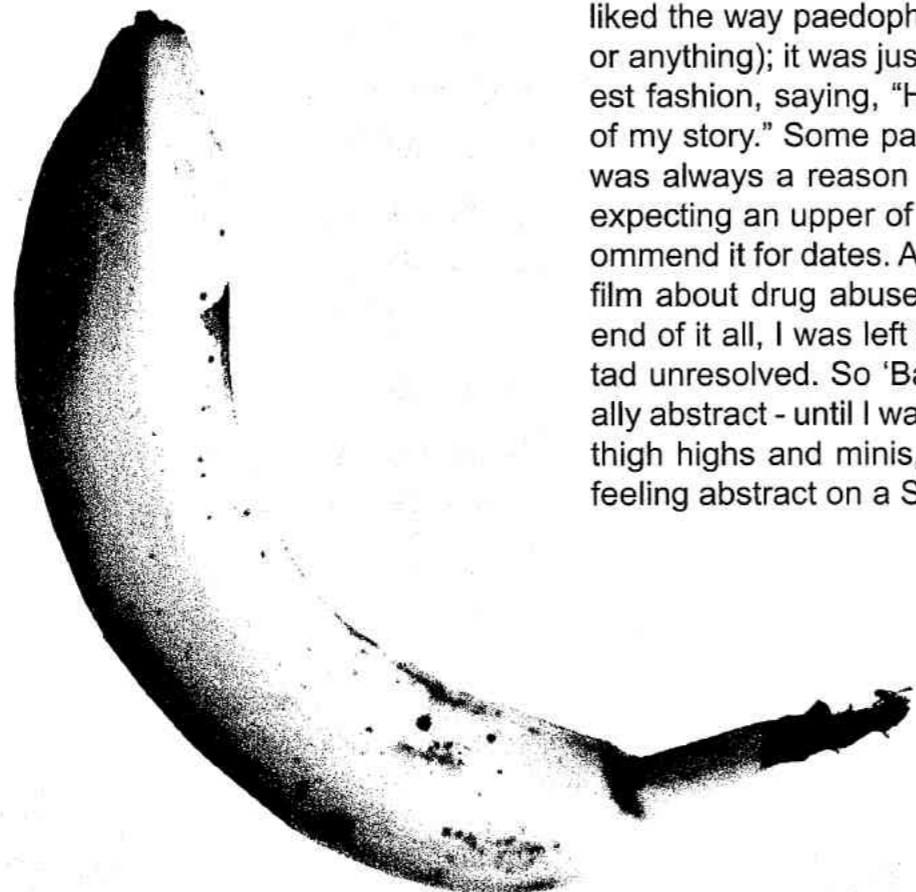
Film

Bad Education (La Mala Educacion)

Directed by Pedro Almodovar

Review by Megan McKeough

'Bad Education' is a beautiful movie. I'm opening with that statement because the cinematography was just so wonderful, especially if you look at the scenes in the boys' school. It's interesting how the plot is not at all beautiful itself; gritty and depressing it depicts paedophilia, drug addiction and blackmail. 'Bad Education' is filled with twists, layers, involves a movie in a movie and plenty of beautifully sad moments in between. Without giving too much away, 'Bad Education' documents the relationship between two boys in a Catholic boarding school, Enrique and Ignacio, and their lives once they have grown up. There's much more to it of course, but that's the barest version, or 'Bad Education for Dummies.' The characters aren't likable, and the story paints a sad picture of an innocent childhood twisted into pain and harsh reality. There are filmic devices used, but none that look too try-hard, and plentiful amounts of erotic gay sex scenes. I will say that the casting seemed a little off to me, though Gael Garcia Bernal was wonderful and a complete sex god in yet another risqué role; some aesthetic casting of the boys' grown-up counterparts seemed off. But who am I to judge? It's one of those movies you think about when you wake up in the middle of the night and can't get back to sleep. I especially liked the way paedophilia was explored (not that I'm a fan or anything); it was just portrayed in such a frank and honest fashion, saying, "Here it is, this is reality, and it's part of my story." Some parts dragged a little slower, but there was always a reason and a reward. Don't go to see this expecting an upper of a film, and I generally wouldn't recommend it for dates. Ain't no romance like that of a foreign film about drug abuse, death and self-destruction. At the end of it all, I was left feeling a little lost, a little sad and a tad unresolved. So 'Bad Education' left me feeling generally abstract - until I walked out and saw three girls wearing thigh highs and minis, and I realised there's no room for feeling abstract on a Saturday night in Sydney.



Art and Photography

Art Report

By Sarah Firth



Recently showing at the School of Art Gallery was the 2005 Phoenix Prize for Spiritual Art. This is the first year that the prize has run, and from the response of over 100 entrants, the prize will definitely continue for the next two years. The opening was gastronomically splendid with free (finally) wine, beer, bountiful overflowing baskets of bread and plates of good cheeses, and tasty watermelon and rock melon platters. The display was so delicious that you could see a few stressed, dirty, bleary eyed art students, amongst the suits and perfume clad women with big arty earrings, crawling out of their workshop cave where they had been madly slaving last minute to finish their work before review, desperately grabbing tasty treats and then re-treating back to their dens. The prize of \$5000 was awarded to ex-Sculpture Honours student Blaide Lallemand for her work, *Light of Heart*, an interactive installation that captures the individual heart beats of up to 5 participants at one time, projecting the beating of each heart collectively onto a pool of water, and these ripples are projected onto the wall. I feel that Blaide was well deserving of the prize as I remember seeing the work in its early stages in 2003 when she was still in the Sculpture workshop, where there were so many technical difficulties to work through that she could have easily given up on the project and concept all together. The work looked fantastic on the opening night, especially with her two performers (one of whom just happens to be my house mate, hooray for you Luke) doing Tibetan throat singing. The exhibition has some other interesting pieces that I really enjoyed such as Cathy Laudenschach's eerie *Monit Christo Junee* photographs, works that are of spaces with a history of hauntings.

One Out One Back is a publication in its second year now that is entirely run by art school students, funded by the Students' Association, with a print release of 1000 copies. The aim of the publication is to promote and support the work being produced at the school, through showcasing a selection of artists in each edition. There will be four issues this year, with an exhibition and launch party coinciding with each new edition. This first issue of the second edition was accompanied by the exhibition *Collectorama*, where each of the 6 artists showed their favorite collected items, this was teamed with beer, crazy live music, excellent dips made by Kit, and a bunch of sexy little One Out One Back

cupcakes. The new issue is out now, available from the art school's art supply shop, around uni, and at selected galleries around Canberra.

Editor Rachel Funari from *Lip* magazine and Karina Utomo, designer of the Canberra based *sickinmilk* clothing label have teamed up to put together *Art Core* – Canberra's creative convergence. *Art Core* will be a showcase event scheduled for the 30th of April from 5pm till late (I am yet to find out the venue but probably either in Civic or Belconnon Youth Centre) and they are calling for all young performers, illustrators, fashion designers, dancers, singers, artists, models, musicians and generally motivated and interested people to be a part of the grand congregation, so contact them and get involved. Both of them felt that there was a definite lack of cohesion between creative peoples in Canberra, and that there is a lot of talent and collaborative opportunities to be explored for lots of vibrant people just itching to bounce ideas off one another. If you are interested contact: editor@lipmag.com or karina_utomo@yahoo.com.

Two works by political artist Silvia Velez were recently showing at CMAG in gallery 4. Both of the works were from her *Not in My Name* series, addressing the issues surrounding the world wide protests against the invasion of Iraq on the 14th and 15th of February in 2003. One of the works was a giant monument to these protests, a three metres by seven metres wall of 5000 brightly colored post-it notes, each digitally drawn from photographs of crowds taken on this weekend of global protests. Her use of post-it notes as her primary material makes the work interestingly urgent yet disposable, and brings to question whether the work is a homage to activism or a signaling of the death of democracy. I particularly enjoyed her work for this reason, because despite being very political, she is never blatantly trying to push a particular political opinion but rather allows the viewer to experience differing and ambiguous views. The other work is a pyramid of text again drawn from protest photos. She has compiled the statements from banners, and then randomized or scrambled the vowels in the words to create a work that questions the authority of propaganda and the desperate need for us to reclaim the power of words.

Comic

By Sarah Firth for Woroni



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The Sex Pistols: A History Full of Bollocks

By Megan McKeough

"God save the queen, she ain't no human being; there is no future, in England's dreaming. When there's no future, how can there be sin, we're the flowers in the dustbin, we're the poison in your human machine. We're the future, your future."

-'God Save the Queen,' The Sex Pistols.

It was after one of the Sex Pistols' final concerts on January 14, 1978, that frontman Johnny Rotten (John Lydon) said, "I just wanna ruin everything. I don't like rock music. I don't even know why I'm in it." This statement perfectly encapsulated the Sex Pistols' short stint in the limelight - confused, directionless, troubled and chaotic. One member would be dead in a year, the others scattered wherever the winds of restless music ambition took them, yet the band would somehow live on in music infamy well into the next century.

The Sex Pistols reigned back in the day when punk had something to say. In the 70s, punk was much more than some simple plan or new found glory. It was the clash in your head or the cramps in your side, it was sound that poured directly into your brain and coaxed it to wake up and give a shit. Yes, the songs weren't very complicated, requiring only the tiniest tinge of talent, but this was irrelevant. Instead, punk sent it's message loudly, chaotically and unapologetically to those who would take the time to listen, and even those who wouldn't. The Sex Pistols themselves didn't just rage against the system, they jabbed the system square in the eye

with a broken glass bottle filled with political agenda and inner angst. The Sex Pistols came with balls included - they were brash, angry rebels who wore swastikas, homoerotic images and communist icons on their safety-pinned clothing. Like their songs, their fashion was designed to shock people, to make them think and react. The Sex Pistols were anti-establishment, anti-conformist, anti-everything - when they sang "I wanna be an anarchist, get pissed, destroy," they meant it.

After the idealistic 60s ended, the 70s rolled on and the feeling in the air twisted from passionate enthusiasm to change the world, into something more cynical and unpredictable. "Oh yeah man, far out. It's very easy to fall into these hippie bullshit phrases because some of them were good, some of them actually meant something. It's just a shame that they ruined a lot of them with silly ideas about 'Yeah man, I wanna be free,' which meant fuck all," said Johnny Rotten to NME magazine in 1977. Loyalism was growing into nihilism. A 'we hate everything' attitude was just waiting for someone to sing the message loud and clear to the masses. The Sex Pistols' future manager, Malcolm McLaren, along

with his sidekick Vivienne Westwood, outfitted these angry drifters in everything from leather S&M gear to hot pink stilettos, from their shop that would later be called simply 'Sex.' McLaren had been slutting around on the music scene for a while, supporting train wrecks like the New York Dolls. They were trendy hedonists who sang about Hitler and incest, and were one of the bands that the Sex Pistols later drew influence from.

Steve Jones, a sensitive kleptomaniac and nymphomaniac, convinced McLaren to help start up a band. As Jon Savage writes in the wonderful *England's Dreaming: Anarchy, Sex Pistols, Punk Rock and Beyond*, "It was Jones's persistence, and ultimately his presence, which convinced this restless yet ambitious shop owner to commit himself to the group that would become the Sex Pistols." The first skeleton of the Sex Pistols (then called The Strand after a Roxy Music song) appeared in 1973, made up of Steve Jones, Paul Cook, Warwick Nightingale, Jimmy Mackin and Steve Hayes. They were terrible - on their first gig they had perfected only one guitar riff, had no bass and inadequate, irregular drumming. What they did have was style, and delinquent audacity. They acquired all of their equipment through theft (a pastime which Jones had long ago perfected), everything from drums to a Fender bass. The BBC studios, a Roxy Music concert, Rod Stewart's mansion and a David Bowie concert were all targets.

"In the close of the interview, Jones replied to Grundy's coax of, 'Go on. You've got another five seconds. Say something outrageous,' with 'You dirty bastard.' As a result of this scandalous appearance, men kicked their TVs in, old ladies had strokes, Grundy was suspended, and the Pistols had a good laugh."

It took about two more years before the Sex Pistols were on their way to becoming the band most know today. Johnny Rotten (John Lydon, nicknamed due to his rotten teeth), joined in the end of 1975 completing the line-up - it was now Johnny Rotten, Steve Jones, Paul Cook and Glen Matlock (the latter to be sacked within a few years for being 'too nice'). Rotten was the nudge the band needed to ride the precipice of music fame. When Sid Vicious (John Beverley) filled in for the sacked Glen Matlock in 1977, he shoved the Sex Pistols square over that cliff, and it was a fast descent to the bottom. For now, Vicious was merely the Pistols' greatest fan and extremely jealous of Lydon's position in the fledging band.

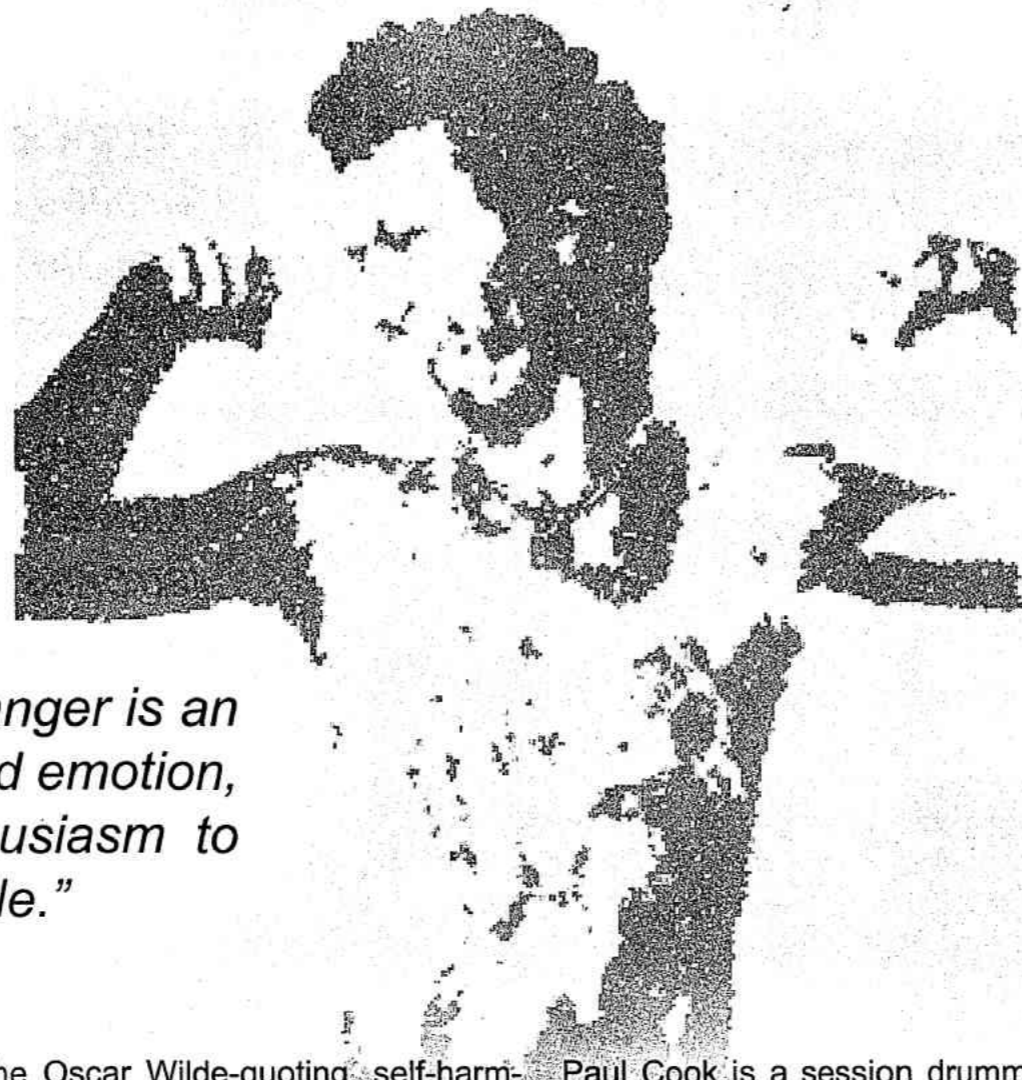
When it first appeared, punk wasn't exactly welcomed with open arms. Around 1976 and 1977, it was strongly discouraged by the industry and the media, but by 1978, punk was getting to be big business as it was, like the people who identified with it, becoming too hard to repress. Not everyone warmed to the Sex Pistols, as London Councillor Bernard Brook Partridge said in 1977, "The Sex Pistols would be vastly improved by sudden death, they are the antithesis of human kind. I would like to see someone dig a huge hole and bury the lot of them in it." In January of 1977, the Pistols' record company of only a few months, EMI, cut the Pistols' deal as a result of workers threatening strike if they had to make more copies of 'An-

archy in the UK,' which had been high on the charts since December. Fame and the Sex Pistols had a love/hate relationship, mainly due to the band's ongoing disrespect for the responsibility that came with it. When they toured the UK in 1976, their shows were banned in several cities, due to lewd and violent behaviour. Appearing in a live broadcast on the 'Today' programme with Bill Grundy, the band was not only drunk, they spoke nothing but filth in response to Grundy's obvious contempt and pointed questioning. In the close of the interview, Jones replied to Grundy's coax of, "Go on. You've got another five seconds. Say something outrageous," with "You dirty bastard." As a result of this scandalous appearance, men kicked their TVs in, old ladies had strokes, Grundy was suspended, and the Pistols had a good laugh. The term 'punk rock' was officially in circulation, and the antics that came with it were splayed all over the papers.

Aside from Rotten, Sid Vicious is perhaps the most recognisable and well-known member from the controversial group, though more for his personal life than his talent. Born Simon John Ritchie, he was most often known as John Beverley or Spiky John, before his most famous alias, Sid Vicious. The future bassist, who would only ever play on two recorded tracks, is described as vulnerable and intelligent in his youth and good at football. Still, Savage (author of England's Dreaming) paints a desolate picture of Sid's

home life - growing up poor, confused and displaced, he was an obvious outsider. "We shared a deep dissatisfaction about the world and most of the people in it," says Jah Wobble, a friend of the late Vicious. As John Beverley, Sid met John Lydon at Hackney Technical College, and the pair hung out at 'Sex' together quite often. It was Lydon who would later give Sid his nickname, 'Sid' after Lydon's pet hamster and 'Vicious' after a Lou Reed song. The name change signalled a sinister split in Vicious - John Beverley was a goofy, dopey extrovert with a good sense of humour and edgy fashion sense, who merely dabbled in petty delinquency. Sid Vicious was a cruel, nasty son-of-a-bitch who was alienated, angry, and once sold domestic cleaning product disguised as speed. The icon was made up entirely of the second man, the tempestuous child, the empty rebel bent on rock success.

In March of 1977, Vicious replaced the sacked Matlock and the Pistols also signed with A & M that month. The deal was short-lived however, as a giant brawl in front of Buckingham Palace during a staged signing ensured they were quickly sacked. Virgin finally took the burden of the band on, and it was under Branson's flag that 'God Save the Queen' reached number two in June of 1977. Despite its chart success, 'God Save the Queen', like 'Anarchy in the UK', bewildered much of the public, and for controversial reasons only ever remained at number



“As Johnny Rotten said, ‘anger is an energy,’ and the Pistols had emotion, energy and enough enthusiasm to make their music noticeable.”

two despite technically outselling the number one track, a ditty by Rod Stewart. The Sex Pistols played their famous ‘God Save the Queen’ on the Thames River in honour of the Queen’s Jubilee, and were subsequently arrested. Posters and covers of the Sex Pistols’ revolutionary LP, ‘Never Mind the Bollocks: Here’s the Sex Pistols,’ released in October of that year, caused controversy and a lawsuit, several shops being fined for displaying the cover as it contained the word ‘bollocks,’ slang for testicles. The lawsuit was resolved through evidence that ‘bollocks’ was also a derivative of a slang term for clergymen. “‘Never Mind The Bollocks’ has the best production of any rock record I have ever heard. It’s totally in-your-face and compressed,” Kurt Cobain told Vox Magazine in 1992.

The Sex Pistols’ songs weren’t exactly musical genius. They were short, they were fast, they were barely skilled and full of lyrics like, “Bet you thought you’d solved all your problems / But you are the problem.” As Johnny Rotten said, “anger is an energy,” and the Pistols had emotion, energy and enough enthusiasm to make their music noticeable. “You know, ‘Never Mind the Bollocks’ is one of the greatest records of the 20th century,” Pete Townshend of The Who told Q magazine in 1996. The Pistols’ image and style, helped by McLaren and Westwood, was as much part of their success as anything, and would be imitated for years to come.

The Oscar Wilde-quoting, self-harming Vicious had a certain charisma, idolised Dee Dee Ramone and was a self-confessed poser. Rotten had bad eyesight which caused him to stare, and was angry, snide and an outsider like the rest. Together, they created a vision of misfits with bottomless angst and enough anger to fuel their short, yet hyped careers.

By 1978, the dream, like most others, was quickly fading. Keeping up their edgy rep as they toured small cities in southern US, Rotten stubbed cigarettes out on himself in concert and Vicious played covered in various people’s blood. After Rotten spoke those words at the January 1978 concert, he quit the band leaving Cook, Jones and Vicious to keep up the Pistols name, and fend off the manipulative influence of McLaren that had been hanging over the group for a while. In February of 1979, Sid Vicious overdosed and died at the age of 21, amidst accusations concerning his role in the death of his girlfriend, Nancy Spungen, in October of 1978. The Sex Pistols, in the image they were to be most infamously remembered, were officially dead. Though Jones and Cook would later go on to form the Professionals, and Rotten would form Public Image Ltd as John Lydon, they would regroup in 1996 for the under-publicised ‘Filthy Lucre’ World Tour. Today, Rotten lives in LA with his wife and is working on film and TV projects documenting his life.

Paul Cook is a session drummer living in London, Matlock lives in London also and plays in The Philistines and Dead Men Walking, and Steve Jones hosts a radio show, produces records and runs a soccer team in LA. Steve Jones in Pistols documentary ‘The Filth and the Fury’ spoke of his time in the band, “I didn’t have a life. I had nothing to lose. And I was a miserable sod deep inside. So the more havoc I created, the more I felt better at doing it because I was a tortured soul. I think the fighting came through lack of musical ability. It was like, ‘Oh, this is what gets you headlines.’”

The Sex Pistols were more than just nihilistic poster boys for an age seeking reason yet at the same time disregarding it, dark and depressing childhoods transformed into troubled rock stardom. They had the anger, energy and gall to sing and say what no one had wanted to before, the passion to scream what they really thought of the monarchy, of England, and of life. Talentless, perhaps, yet influential no one can deny. Though they would inevitably crumble into their own self-destruction, go so far that there would be no way back, the Sex Pistols’ short history is still fascinating and proof that if you’re loud, rude and violent enough, people will listen.

“They can’t control us, we’re uncontrollable. They’ve predicted all down the line against us, and they’ve failed. This scares them.”

—John Lydon, aka Johnny Rotten.

Student Politicians: As sexy as a fist-fucking video starring Amanda Vanstone

A reply to 'Death of the Left.'
By Patrick Moody

Unlike a traditional reply piece, I don't disagree with the points that the venerable Patchy brought up in her article last edition. However, I would attribute the general decline in the number of latte-sipping 'revolutionaries' in the system to a broader student trend - an increasing apathy with regards to both student-related and broader political issues.

Even the most 'hardened' Socialist Alternative member will concede that there has been a massive decline in participation in student political activism since the heady days of years gone past. No real study has been done into the cause of this movement, and this particular wannabe-journo would argue that any study done would be ineffective, as the same people who storm past student politicians waving pamphlets without even a fictional "I've already voted" are likely to do the same thing to second-year Psychology students waving surveys.

As such, this gives me a license to make cynical assumptions based upon my overly pessimistic worldview and the discussions I've had with that festering hotbed of student politics that is my beloved Debating Society. The conclusion that I have come to is two-fold, and, like any good debating geek, are easily split into two general areas: lack of awareness of issues; and the perception by students that student politics is wholly ineffective as a lobby group.

For a bit of variety, I'll tackle the second one first. It has become painfully obvious over the course of the last few Federal Governments, both Liberal and Labor, that no 'National Day of Action' is ever really taken seriously by a politician. Sure, the occasional Labor politician may show up to Politics in the Pub to be surrounded by a bunch of young, hip yes-men and yes-women, and you may even get a local Lib showing that he or she is the voice of reason amongst the frothing-at-the-mouth revolutionary rabble. The truth is, however, that student politics has lost its effect both at getting young people behind important issues and getting the Government to listen to them, because certain elements of political groups on campus have over-used activism in its traditional sense. What I mean by this is that activist groups on campus have organised so very many National Days of Action concerning things that don't affect students and that the majority of students aren't necessarily against (eg protesting our "invasion" of the Solomon Islands). Because of these frequent useless, irrelevant

rallies, whenever something actually worth protesting over (such as our SA getting bent over and had by VSU legislation) is brought up by the Students Association, it is dismissed as being the same as the above non-representational, irrelevant crap, when it is actually something worth uniting over. A lot of the failures of the anti-VSU campaign can be attributed to the majority of students assuming the campaign has something to do with the people who annoy them with pamphlets and copies of the Green Left, and not being interested in anything beyond that.

I feel that it is a great pity that student politics garners no respect from its own constituents anymore. Because students don't, as a rule, wish to overthrow the Government in a bloody coup, when they see the strange old guy in the shabby clothing up there gibbering about uniting with the trade unions to fight the system, they feel that the politicians on campus are not really representing them. I think one of my underlying motivations behind writing this article is to convince those of you who think the SA is trying to organise a bloody revolt that the REAL voice of the SA is actually representing your interests. Whenever Aparna and the SA are up and speaking together about something (as opposed to minority Che wannabes who've hijacked an Education Department meeting to promote the agenda of their particular Socialist group) it is worth listening to them. If an aligned political group on campus puts up a poster, reading it is considered optional. However, if the SA as a whole puts together a campaign, I encourage all members of the student body to hear what they have to say and find out what's going on.

I imagine that the lefties who have made it this far without organising a posse to come after my blood will be accusing me of showing the problem without identifying a solution. Well fuck you all, Chomsky got away with it. I think the cure to the issues I've outlined is simple - respectability. Stop letting the guy with a dirty Brother Che shirt and dreadlocks get up in front of cameras to represent the entire student population. Cease referring to old Communist writings that no-one has ever read and associates with the big bad Soviet Union. Start outlining in monetary terms just how much Howard and Nelson's policies are going to suck for students, their families and society in general. Once you sound to the general population like you could, one day, actually run the country without causing societal chaos, then people will begin to listen to you.

Education Issues

Part of the role of the Vice-President is to assist students with any problems that they may have, and to help ensure that their undergraduate experience is as good as it should be. I often help students with education related issues, such as Academic Appeals, writing letters for Special Consideration, or even cases of Enrolment problems.

I am also the chair of the Welfare taskforce, which is concerned with welfare issues, such as accessibility to scholarships and information on policies that affect students, such as the Academic Progress policy. The Student Survival Guide, (little black book) was one of ANUSA's main contributions to student welfare earlier this year.

Recently, one of the major issues facing students was the implementation of the new printing system, which should be in its final stages by the time you read this article. ANUSA pushed for the Division of Information to make details of the system more accessible and clear, such as through sending out a 'Student All' email. A taping survey is currently also being distributed, so please fill it out and check out our website (sa.anu.edu.au) for more details.

Please feel free to contact me if you have any questions or if I can help with anything. I can be emailed at sa.vicepres@anu.edu.au, or visit me at the Students' Association which is above the Commonwealth bank.

Renata Zanetti
Vice President

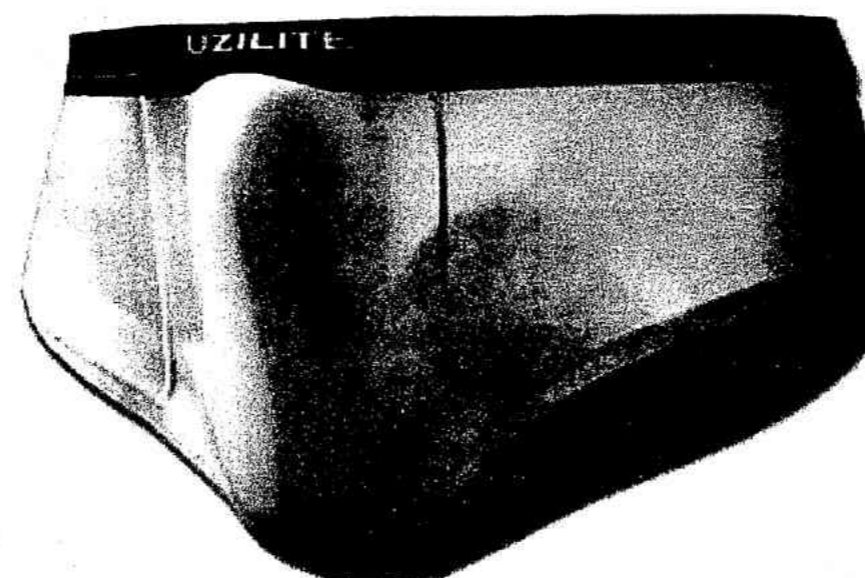
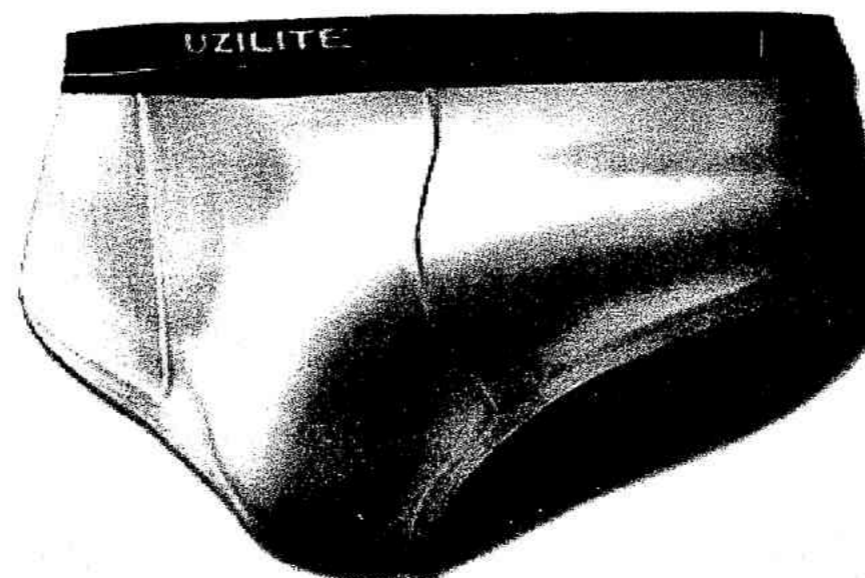
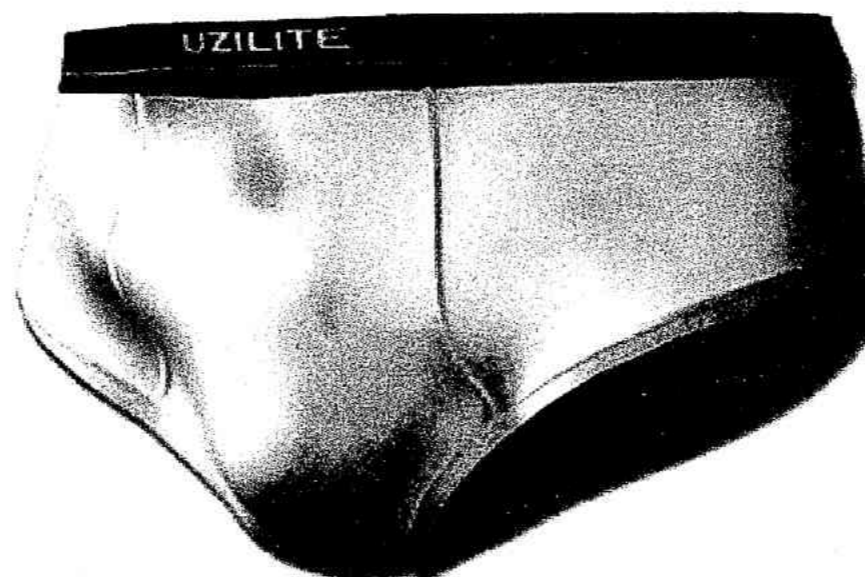
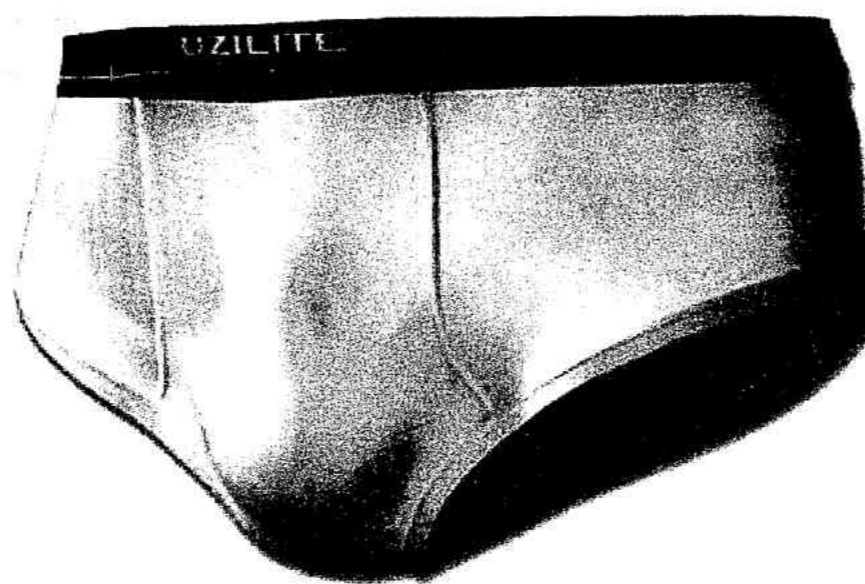
Info for Economics and Commerce students

You may be aware that you have two faculty representatives. We are Elizabeth Hay, and Mary Fung. We were elected by students in the faculty, and are here to represent you.

If you have any problems this year, we can help you. You may have problems with your lecturer, tutor, are unsure of what to choose for your major, or might not even know what a major is. Chances are we have experienced it, and will know how to fix it.

You can email us at:

Elizabeth: u3288053@anu.edu.au
Mary: u3973346@anu.edu.au



DILF

(Department I'd Like to Fuck)

The Sexuality Department

YOU LIKE IT WHEN I LIKE YOU
LESS/NO CARESS/JUST UNDRRESS
YOU LIKE IT WHEN WE PLAY
HARDWARE/THE PANTY-WAR/YOU
GET PUSHED/GMORRN WHEN I LIKE
YOU LESS/NO CARESS/JUST
UNDRRESS
YOU LIKE IT WHEN WE PLAY
HARDWARE/THE PANTY-

By Chloe Persing

For the first time in a long while, I wasn't being juvenile as I sat in the Sexuality Department with Laura. I wasn't playing with dams, or walking around with the condom demonstrator (a terrifyingly large white plastic phallus) attached to my belt. I was sitting quietly on one of the couches, shooting the shit with your Sexuality Department Officer, Laura Crespo.

For those of you not hip to what the function of the Sex Dept is, here's the sitch: the Sexuality Department is there to advocate for the rightful treatment of those who identify as gay, lesbian, bisexual, transsexual, transgendered, intersexed, or queer identifying. Some like to evade this mouthful by just lumping all these identities into one mix-bag title of 'Queer,' however some don't identify or condone the reappropriation of the word, and thus prefer one of the titles previously mentioned. For the purpose of this article however, the word Queer will be used as it is a shorter way of saying the above collection of terms. This shouldn't be seen as a derogatory action, and I apologise now if it offends (ten points for correct PC approach, ey?).

The Sex Dep isn't only about advocacy; it's about creating a place where "Queers can come together, and work to find solutions to problems that we as students have." This isn't just about blatant homophobia, but more about living as a Queer in a heterosexual world and discovering who you are.

The Sex Dep is also about fun - Pride Week fun. Unlikely to be rockin' Pride Bingo this year (bingo, crass sexual innuendos, ice cream and sex toy prizes - yeah, I know, heaven-on-a-stick), Laura still assures me there is oodles of fun to be had. The theme of this year's Pride Week, and in true JD Samson form, is Visibility not Respectability in that it's not enough to be respected, visibility (beyond that of two chicks holding hands on The OC) is also crucial. So

keep an eye out for the fetching posters and get involved - Queer or otherwise.

Recently the Sex Dept ran a forum for campus residences and colleges in an attempt to better educate RTs (Resident Tutors for those not hip to college lingo) on Queer issues. This forum consisted of a panel of speakers, each lending their own voice and experience. The panellists included Professor Malcolm Gillies, Keira Patterson, James Higgins, Louise Crossman, Sean Perera, and Kirrily Boyd. Woroni's very own Rachael Kendrick began the forum with her own 'Queer 101,' a humorous yet informative introduction to terms and ideas prominent in Queer life. Overall the forum was successful, with roughly 80 in attendance. Another forum will be held in Pride Week.

Tuesday 17th May is the Day of Gender Fuck in which students are encouraged to rid themselves of the gender binary norm, and play with the idea of gender. The day was established to allow for the fact that not everybody identifies with one gender or another, or that some are born into one sex and identify with the gender of the other. Have fun with it - throw on a skirt or shove a stock down your panties.

QC (aka Queer Collaborations) is on again - this time in Perth. It is a week of Queer theory, activism, empowerment and energy. Not only is it a shitload of fun and a way to make friends or bed-buddies, it also allows for Queers to network, collaborate and campaign. This year ANU is sending 12 students - the highest presence in ANU history.

To get involved in your Sex Dept, the Jellybabies or to access the Queer Space on campus, email the lovely Laura through sexdep@anu.edu.au

Pro-VSU

Why Student Unions Should Embrace VSU

By Stephanie Collins

1.VSU is consistent with student unions' opposition of obligatory fees for students

In a recent press release opposing the introduction of VSU, SA president Aparna Rao condemned the Commonwealth Government for the huge toll HECS placed on students. Besides the fact that students don't have to start paying HECS until they are earning a substantial income and that the government continues to subsidise the majority of a student's tertiary education, student unionists oppose the concept of HECS in the first place. It is somewhat hypocritical to oppose the existence of a compulsory fee on the one hand while on the other hand being adamant that another compulsory fee (GSF) should be maintained.

2.VSU embodies the principle of democracy

The SA is concerned that if VSU is introduced, students' voices will be silenced. I will assume that the logic behind this argument is that if the student unions lack full membership, the Commonwealth will use this as a reason for not consulting with said unions. The experience of lobby organisations in the wider community directly contradicts this argument. The proof of this is in their involvement in a number of statutory authorities and other community consultative bodies. Furthermore, doesn't the fact that a union's members are in it by choice make their concerns and views infinitely more legitimate than that of a union whose members have no choice?

Some people might say that VSU will encourage students to 'scab' (a nasty word, I know) off union members. While this is a concern for many such organisations, think about it from the non-member's perspective. She may disagree with the union's positions but will be less able to get her point of view across to government. She can join the union and try to change its policies or write to government herself. The point is it is her choice (as a side point, I note with concern the disappearance of pro-VSU posters from campus a day after they were put up. The SA wouldn't be trying to silence the voices of students, would they?).

3.VSU will reinvigorate student unions

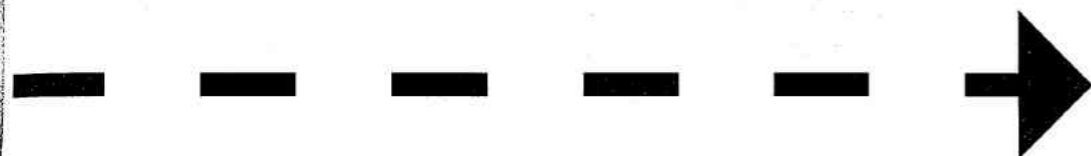
At the last SA meeting, attendance by students was less than 80. Out of a total undergraduate student body of around 9000, this appears to indicate a distinct lack of interest in SA activities. If students can choose to join the union, or not, the SA will have to be more effective in promoting its current services and providing services students want. If, as the SA asserts, the services it provides are essential and useful, then the SA has nothing to fear from the introduction of VSU.

Finally, after the introduction of VSU, students can decide if they want to be associated with attitudes such as this:

"We rarely break down Vice-Chancellor's offices with axes purchased with students' money."
- Aparna Rao, SA Press Release, 16th March 2005.

As if breaking down V-Cs' offices only on the odd occasion is an acceptable thing to do, with or without students' money.

Anti-VSU



Editor's Reply

By Lucy Stackpool

1. Do student unions really oppose HECS fees?

There have not been any major movements against HECS by student unions in the last decade. Reversing HECS is clearly not a priority. What is a priority is promoting *affordable* education and preventing hikes in compulsory fees (a practice that seems to occur every five years at least). This is consistent with recent anti-VSU campaigns that have sought to retain the GSF.

So what Stephanie Collins is pointing at are common throwaway lines made by individuals who are often affiliated with student unions. This resentment is understandable as HECS is a huge burden on graduates who have gained employment and are perhaps looking towards getting secured. We are, after all, the first generation of Australians to pay for both our education and our retirement. The GSF, on the other hand, is a fee of a very different nature. It subsidises *immediate* services that many students would have to pay for anyway at private businesses who would charge a much higher rate and are not tailored to be student-friendly or meet their specific needs (even if you have never used an ANUSA emergency loan, it is there for you in case you are suddenly without income and have to pay rent). The attack on any university's students' association is largely unqualified – less than one-quarter of the ANU GSF goes to ANUSA, with the vast majority of the funds going to subsidise other services, such as the Sports Centre and the University Union. If the GSF only applied to NUS and the "unionists" Ms Collins is so critical of, then many more individuals might rightly support the introduction of VSU.

2. VSU and democracy

If Ms Collins is stating that compulsory student unionism is undemocratic, then by implication, perhaps she is also stating that Australia is undemocratic for having compulsory voting. I believe Australia is a democratic nation and therefore, that 'democracy' and compulsory actions can, and do, happily coexist.

As I'm sure Ms Collins has happily noticed, unions have

been completely ravaged during the Howard government's term in office. If the Commonwealth should continue to consult with unions and take their ideas into account, then dismantling unions will do little to aid this process. Furthermore, the "statutory authorities" and "other community consultative bodies" are hand-picked by the government for advice – thereby being less representative of views than those that come from a complete union (As a side point, for the last few years I've always noticed the rapid disappearance of all posters whether they are promoting a political rally or a dance party - it happens).

3. VSU's ability to reinvigorate student unions

As seen in Western Australia, VSU does not reinvigorate student unions in any way. All members of student unions have the choice to put their beliefs on the union's agenda, and it is the unity of all people in that area that make the union strong enough to push the final agenda to the government.

Furthermore, Ms Collins (who I noticed only attended the first five minutes of the last ANUSA OGM) seems to have misunderstood ANUSA's activities and the status of student involvement. At present, ANUSA (not a corrupt or abstract entity as Ms Collins would have you believe) *does* effectively promote and provide services that students want. Many of the services are a direct result of annual ANU student surveys. If students want to be more active and encourage campus spirit, they can form a club (funded on a basis approximate to membership numbers), or write for the partially ANUSA-funded *Woroni*. But why don't students have the time to do these fun things or turn up to dull administrative OGMs Ms Collins? Because welfare, which has been absolutely ravaged in this country, is keeping students in part-time work and the priority of their education at an all time low.

Finally, I don't think that attacking Aparna's choice of sarcasm is very enlightening at all. Aparna was obviously replying to Brendan Nelson's ridiculous imagery in parliament. I honestly believe that no-one in ANU would ever entertain the idea of breaking down our lovely V-C's office.

Gig Guide

- 05.05 - Architecture in Helsinki w/ The Casual Projects @ ANU Bar
- 06.05 - Lior + Randall Blair @ ANU Bar
 - Lithium @ Toast
 - Rastawookie @ The Green Room
 - Kid Kenobi w/ MC Shureshock and Ajax @ Academy
- 07.05 - Fe Fi Fo Fum w/ Using Three Words, Weapons of Fashion, Dylan Foulcher and Anjay @ ANU Bar
 - Iris Code w/ ECM and Jaded Eco @ The Green Room
 - Deep Throat w/ Habersham and Numinous @ Red Gecko
- 13.05 - Thirsty Merc @ ANU Bar
 - Black Friday w/ Point .17, Varg, Kill for Satan, Bludgeoner @ The Green Room
 - Bexta and Archie @ Academy
- 14.05 - The Aviators w/ Kinswood Factory, The Chuff and Foot to the Floor @ ANU Bar
 - Moh Vah Wah w/ Looking Glass and Fingerprint Resistant @ The Green Room
- 20.05 - Ghastly w/ Shackles and Darkim @ The Green Room
- 27.05 - Wil Anderson @ the Canberra Theatre Centre

may

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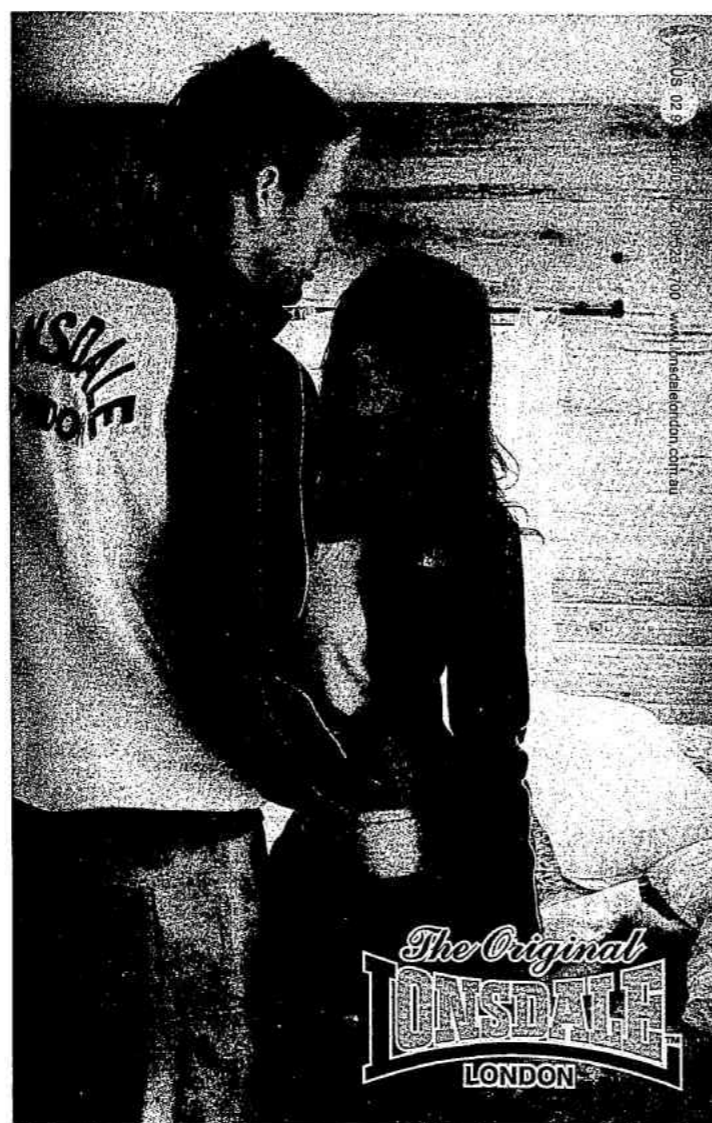
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- 02.06
 - Magic Dirt @ ANU Bar
- 03.06 - I'll Behave Ya @ Red Gecko
- 10.06 - Deep Dish w/ Danny Howells @ Academy
- 18.06 - The Porkers w/ Los Capitians and Bagster @ The Green Room
- 24.06 - Submission w/ Chia @ Red Gecko

Sink your teeth into the 'cock.
Hancock Basement: LP coming soon.

Ad Deconstruction

By Rachael Kendrick



A confession: I fully expected to find 'Ralph' more galling than my usual girlie fare. Judging by Carmen Electra's disturbingly spherical breasts on the cover, and the snide headlines ('We re-create D-Day: tasty Nazis must die!', 'Carmen Electra: Body by God, Bra by NASA', 'The World's a Toilet') I expected to be horrified and shrilly indignant. To be honest, 'Ralph' really isn't that wicked. As Leo pointed out to me as I was procrastinating in the Woroni office, 'Ralph' is mostly read by IT nerds dreaming about being fire fighters and commandos, anyway. To that end, it is a mass of ads and savagely retouched photographs of women, with a sprinkling of non-challenging articles, and those articles have a kind of childish humour you would never find in 'Cosmo.' Case in point: one article was a re-enactment of D-Day using lollies, peanuts and biscuits. Heh.

No, it's not the men in this magazine that bother me, because men are scarcely in it. With a few digressions to fart jokes (toilets of the world, for example), technophilia (dirt bikes! Mp3 players! stereo systems!), it's all about chicks. You wouldn't want to have too many men in a men's magazine because that would be, you know, faggy. And sloe-eyed, open-mouthed women consistently escort the few men who do appear. Take this ad for Lonsdale clothing, remarkable only for its complete banality. Wear brand name cargo pants = get hot chick sporting brand name hoodie. As an aside, this is the only girl I find remotely attractive in the entire publication. There was some blonde slapper in the 'girls next door' extra going on about how more girls hit on her than guys, and I was all 'no they didn't,' because talk about internalised heteronormativity. Of course the kind of girl who gets a guy off would get a girl off, because Lord knows we can't break away from the male gaze. Harrumph.

Anyway, I don't think it's enough to simply condemn this ad for being unoriginal. The whole 'you will get laid if you buy our product' is one of the oldest clichés in advertising. No, what really makes this ad interesting is its relationship with the audience. The kind of man targeted by Ralph is an ambivalent creature. His appearance suddenly matters. The Ralph boy has to be easy on the eye as well as popular with the ladies, and this is quite new. It's hard to reconcile with many years of cultural squeamishness about men as the object of the gaze (see your first year gender studies lecturer for more details – you know, that class you enrolled in to sleep through). The dude in this ad is cute, in a lunk-headed, straight sort of way. You see more of him than you would in similar ads even ten years ago. But they've got to cushion it, reassure the reader that they ain't no homo. Enter the chick. Enter the sex (hur hur hur). Enter the palatable almost-metro. Hey, at least he doesn't have a faux-hawk.

College Page



Woroni's Spiritual Competition

This issue: John XXIII Versus Fenner Hall

Woroni wonders, "who has more spirit: the Johns' rugby boys or Fenner's sensitive and new-age musos? Who will send us love? Who will send us hate? Is anybody out there? Hello?"

To respond to our queries, email hotcollege@gmail.com and help show the ANU campus what your culture is all about.

Last Issue: Burgie vs. Ursises

We were sent hate mail from some freak at Ursies:

Dear Woroni Scum

I write in reference to the latest edition of the rag woroni- especially the reference to the college pages. There are a few points that I wish to raise as a resident of Ursula Hall.

1. The cuddly bear may save us, but i doubt that John Paul II will have any effect as a) he is dead and more importantly b) we are not owned run or associated with the Roman Catholic Church.
2. We are not Macquarie Fields Scum. In Fact for the record not one of the residents has ever even lived in macquarie fields.
3. Your use of the word 'fuck' does not become you, perhaps you are actually studying at UC??
4. The person who wrote the college page clearly has not even lived at or even spoken to or even seen a resident of an on campus college. Stay out of our rivalry it is ours to laugh at and yours to stay out of.
5. VSU is cool
6. You clearly lack any sophistication and obviously are a Canberran as you clearly are excited by the most boring

of things.
Leave us alone.
Bears on Daley Road.

Minus one point to Ursies for terrible use of grammar.

We received the following email from a Burgie Law nerd:

Dear Woroni nerds,

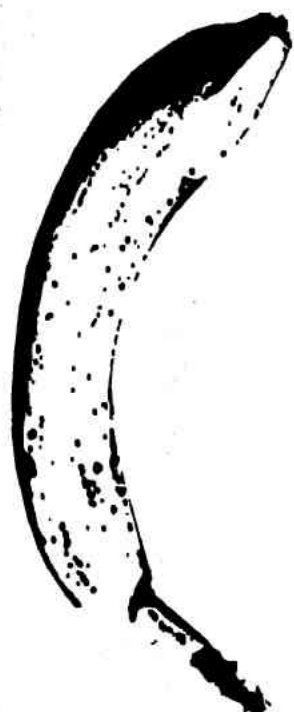
You seem worried about the effect that big-bad-bull-buggering Brendan's victorious VSU vendetta will have on our happy halls. Don't fear! If you get all legal, and actually check out the text of the bill, s 19-37 only applies to a 'higher education provider', and it's not like anyone is actually educated at colleges; unless you mean 'Higher' education, then Bruce might have a bit to worry about (oh yes, we've seen that pun a million times on those shitty poster sales in the Refectory every three weeks) Then again, they could attempt an utter act of fuckwittery, and pretend that the ANU-owned Halls fall into this category of HEP; but I doubt it.

So to cut a long story short, RAs should be free from the wrath of VSU. But they might suffer big time because interhall Arts and Sports get well in excess of \$10,000 from the ANUSA clubs and societies' money, not to mention all the subsidized insurance, oval/gym use, and cheap use of the Refectory for the Interhall Ball. That'll just mean they pump up RA fees by \$10-20/student - Fuck em.

Love from,
A Bergie Law nerd.

Plus one to Burgmann for caring about the future of college culture.

Unfortunately for Burgmann, we then received the image below (appropriately coinciding with our 'Sex' theme), which we got from ursies@hotmail.com



Comics

By Mel

I am not a good multi-tasker...

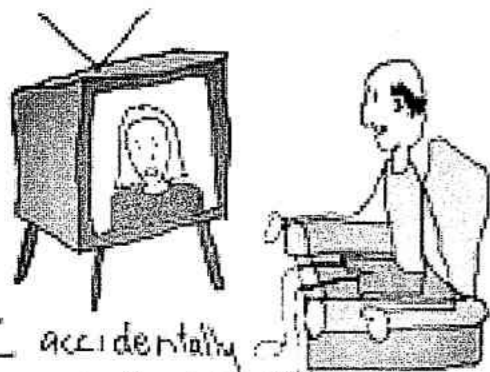


I forget to blink when I sneeze...

Neo Mulletts are not cool...



Sometimes...



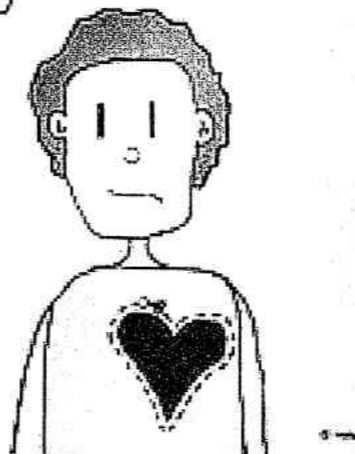
I accidentally say hello back to the news presenter...

Sometimes I chuck confetti at myself...

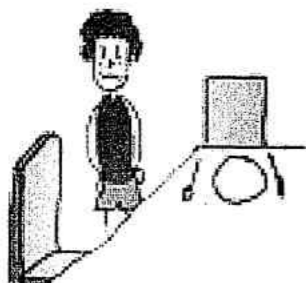


and pretend I am in a snowdome...

Easily Disheartened...



I think my mum wants me to leave home...



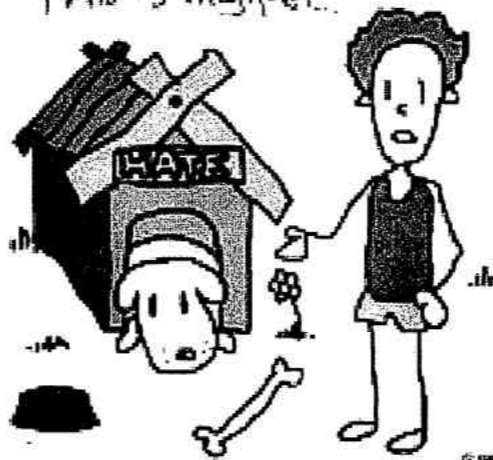
she has stopped setting a place for me at the table...

I made the ultimate handclap compilation...



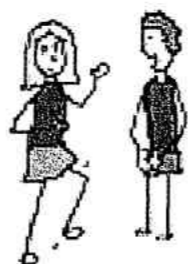
but I played it so often that I started bleeding...

This is my pet...



Who exercised the devil horn?!

Some people are scared of my knee-jerk reaction...



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